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THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1904.

No. 25



THE MIRROR SAINT LOUIS



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The Mirror



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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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Folk, Cook and Allen

By William Marion Reedy

M R. JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK won the Democratic nomination for Governor, "hands down."

But that is about all he did win.

The machine beat him out on almost every other point of the convention. He drafted the platform, but the fight on the platform by the machine forced him to apparent concessions. The machine tried to force into the platform planks which, if adopted, would have deprived Mr. Folk of a machine in the event of their adoption.

When Mr. Folk was confronted with a plank calling for home rule of the cities, placing the Excise Commissioner's office on a salary basis, and depriving State officials of the right to membership on the State committee, his manager weakened, as well they might.

If the home rule plank went in the platform, Governor Dockery would have called an extra session of the legislature to pass laws abolishing the State police boards and election boards and leaving the control of the police and elections to the Mayors of cities. This would have deprived Mr. Folk, in the event of his election, of the appointment of such boards, and therefore the control of the politics of the larger cities.

If the Excise Commissionership were placed on a salary basis the next Governor would have no plum to bestow upon his campaign manager.

If State officials were barred from service upon the State Central committee, the next Governor would have no control of conventions and nominations during his term and no voice in the matter of determining who should be his successor.

Mr. Folk's managers compromised. They succumbed to the machine to save themselves. They played politics according to the established rules of the game, even if, in doing so, they went back boldly, upon some well authenticated utterances of their leader in favor of the propositions which they shelved.

Following this came the nomination of Sam Cook for Secretary of State and of Albert O. Allen for Auditor. These men represented about everything in the State to which Mr. Folk was supposed to be in antagonism. Mr. Folk was indirectly, if not openly opposed to them. One of them he had personally exposed as accessory to a boodle deal. The other was and is generally believed to stand for the corrupt corporation influences upon which Mr. Folk has waged unrelenting war. Both men won out easily.

Mr. Folk had a clear and decisive majority in the convention. He could have dominated the body in the matter of nominations for Secretary of State and Auditor had he so desired. Why didn't he do so?

The answer is that Mr. Folk is a Democrat before he is a reformer. He did not favor the men personally, but they were before the convention with a number of delegates pledged to them at the same time the said delegates were pledged to him. If he had said the word, without doubt enough of his delegates pledged to Cook and Allen would have violated their

instructions to beat those gentlemen. Mr. Folk would not and did not say the word. He held that as a Democrat he could not ask or advise delegates chosen by the people to violate their instructions from the people. He stood on the doctrine that the people rule and he stood by it even to his own disadvantage and even discredit, for his decision placed upon the ticket with him for the most important two offices on the ticket after the one he sought for himself.

Mr. Folk declined to assume the role of dictator to his party, although his opponents endeavored to force him into that position. Had he done so, he might have carried his point and he might not. He would have antagonized many good people who were friends of his as well as of Cook and Allen, for both men, despite the warfare upon them, have throughout the State a large following of very respectable people. He would have affronted a strong Democratic sentiment and violated a venerated Democratic tradition. Mr. Folk did what, being a Democrat, he had to do. The consequences are embarrassing, but at least he was consistent.

The fight upon Folk, in so far as there is any fight, centers upon the lack of harmony between himself and the nominees in question. Still Mr. Folk says nothing. He doesn't advise people to vote for these two men, so antagonistic to his principles. He does not advise the people not to vote for those men. He keeps quiet and his silence is effective. The machine has tied these two men to him and he has to carry them, but he is not carrying them graciously. He is simply allowing the people to judge for themselves.

The enemies of Mr. Folk say he is responsible for those two men upon the ticket, and this is true. When Mr. Folk started his campaign for Governor he went it alone. He made his fight on the boodle issue. He seems to have taken it for granted that if he won, his delegates would not put on the ticket with him men tainted with boodle. As Mr. Folk's canvass progressed the opposition to him for Governor disappeared. Then it was that the friends of Cook and Allen got in the Folk band wagon in county after county or at the primaries coupled with instructions for Folk instructions for Cook and Allen. Folk's friends thought of no candidate for Folk. Their programme went no further. Had they been wise they would have stood together for a complete Folk slate. They could easily have shut out Cook and Allen on the cry that the rest of the ticket should be in harmony with Folk. But they didn't do this. The Folk opposition, the machine, the corporations, dropping their gubernatorial fight, slipped Cook and Allen instructions into and upon the Folk delegations and once the instructions were given, there was no getting away from them. Before Folk discovered what the game was, the trick had been turned and he had to make the best of it.

He might have declined to run for Governor on the same ticket with Cook and Allen, says some one. If he had done so, what would have become of his

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whole fight? The minute he declined, a machine man would have been nominated. The Republicans would not take up Mr. Folk for Governor. He could not run as an independent, for he professes faith in party regularity. He had to stick or give up his fight, and in doing so, place himself in the role of a "sorehead" pulling out of the struggle solely because he could not run things his own way.

The machine has "sewed him up," of course, but the only method whereby he could have prevented this was to have bulldozed the convention into turning down the two men distasteful to himself and thus alienated the support of the machine, whatever that may amount to.

It is said in some quarters that Mr. Folk, in acting as he did, played the part of a coward. The term seems a little too strong. He played the part of a politician, making the best of a bad mess. He might have taken a bolder stand in the matter of a platform, but Mr. Folk was not supported exclusively by reformers. Many of the men with him in his fight for the nomination were political "outs" wanting to get "in" and they didn't want all the good things of the administration abolished at a special session before the election. They didn't want the spoils wiped out before they could get a chance at them. Mr. Folk, therefore, played "foxy." Whether his "foxiness" has helped him time will tell, but it is at least certain that the man who carried off the popular honors in the convention was a man who fought every inch of the ground with Mr. Folk and did it without pretext of evasion or concealment. I mean Mr. Hawes. Mr. Folk captured the gubernatorial nomination, but the convention gathering resolved itself into a great popular tribute to Mr. Hawes. It made Mr. Hawes a great State politician, whereas heretofore he has been regarded as only a city politician and a new one at that.

We hear talk that Mr. Folk is to be defeated. Such talk is rot. Mr. Folk cannot be defeated. He may be knifed or scratched in St. Louis, Kansas City and elsewhere by disgruntled Democrats of various sorts, but that will not count. He will receive five Republican votes, in my opinion, for every Democratic vote he loses. There is no extravagance whatever in the claim that he will be elected by 100,000 majority. The people have set Mr. Folk up as an idol. Some of us may point out his feet of clay, but it will avail nothing. He will win out, no matter how strenuous a fight may be made upon him or from how many sources.

Will Cook and Allen be beaten?

There has been made upon these men in many Democratic papers and by many Democratic politicians a very bitter fight. Their records have been published and will be published again and again. There is a strong prima facie case against them on a dozen counts or more. They are put more to the bad by contrasting them with Mr. Folk and his "civic righteousness" course. They appear, probably, blacker than they really are. Then Mr. Folk's silence on the stump concerning them will be a tremendous argument against them. They are at odds with the movement, the sentiment that Folk represents. They may be said to have a fair prospect of being defeated.

And yet Missouri Democrats have been so accustomed to voting straight that there is not, in the opinion of well-versed politicians, a chance that Cook and Allen will be scratched sufficiently to insure their defeat. The two men are regarded as good party men, as, in fact, among the best, and for this, much will be forgiven them by the politicians. Even very righteous rural Democrats will think twice before scratching the ticket and electing a Republican. Reg-

ularity is going to be the salvation of Cook and Allen, if they are to be saved at all. Cook and Allen, I should say, will hardly be defeated unless an organized effort be made aginst them in their own party and this is not likely. Rural Democrats don't bolt and wherever there may be Democrats who scratch Folk, they will come out strong for Cook and Allen. Cook and Allen will be strongly supported in the cities by the elements that will knife Folk. If any organized effort in the Democratic party be made against Cook and Allen, it will invite a counter effort against Folk and that might prove dangerous. Cook and Allen have friends numerous and powerful, who know how to fight back. How strong these two men are may readily be surmised from the fact that Mr. Folk, strong as he is, did not venture at the Jefferson City convention to engage with them in a fight to a finish. If they were as easy to defeat as some people imagine, we may be sure that Mr. Folk and his managers would have had no hesitation whatever in "putting them out of business" in the convention. The Folk sentiment is strong all over the State, but I doubt whether it is strong enough to induce Democrats to scratch candidates resourceful enough to secure nominations in spite of Mr. Folk. Party loyalty

is stronger in Missouri than in most States and it will bear with much for the sake of regularity. The Democratic papers that attacked Cook and Allen have grown silent. So, too, have the politicians who denounced the two men. Republican attacks upon Democratic candidates carry little weight with the unterrified in Missouri. Cook and Allen may run behind their tickets, but in the light of the information at present available, they seem likely to pull through on election day.

In my opinion Mr. Folk will pull Cook and Allen through, however unwillingly. It is my opinion also that Mr. Folk will pull through the National ticket in the State. Without the stimulus of his cause, it is much to be feared that the State, being so intensely Bryanite, would have been in danger of being lost to the Democracy through rural resentment against Judge Parker's insistence of a declaration for the gold standard upon the party platform. Folk will hold the party together for his cause, and much as many Democrats of prominence may dislike him, he is likely to prove the savior of the party in the State. If Folk could be beaten it would be equivalent to saying that Missouri might cast its electoral vote for Roosevelt and Fairbanks!

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Missouri's Republicans.

MISSOURI'S Republicans are in session at St. Joseph this week. They are nominating a State ticket. It seems likely that Mr. Cyrus P. Walbridge of this city will be their choice for Governor. Mr. Walbridge is a good business man, a public spirited citizen, a fine speaker, was a good Mayor of St. Louis, and has much personal charm. But Mr. Walbridge cannot be elected Governor—not this year. Folk will beat him out of his boots. The Republicans may have some chance of electing two good men as Secretary of State and Auditor, as against the Democratic nominees for those places upon whom much bitter war is being made. But Republican chances even there are not bright, because the party is divided into at least three factions in irreconcilable conflict. The followers of Mr. Akins and the followers of Mr. Kerens cannot get together upon any candidate, while the followers of Mr. Filley have large votagans for the followers of both Akins and Kerens. The Republicans were never before so badly split as they are this year, and they are split all the wider because they feel that they have gone so far in approval of the course of the Democratic candidate for Governor, or Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, that any criticism they may now make upon him will appear absurd. They will, of course, make a great deal of capital out of the charges against the Democratic candidates for Secretary of State and Auditor, but they will hardly make an effective campaign because of their own internal troubles.

The fact of the matter is that the Republicans have their minds set not so much upon the State as upon the City of St. Louis. They think that they see an opportunity to make a good showing on their city ticket here, and even possibly to elect it, in view of the prospect of Democratic knifing by the men of that party who don't like Folk. The Republicans think that Col. Butler will help them in order to show what he can do against the man who has prosecuted him.

If he will do this, they may get some of their city candidates into offices, and then they hope to pull the party together enough to enable them to elect a Mayor in the spring of 1905. The Republicans would rather have the spoils of the City of St. Louis than those of the State of Missouri.



World's Fair Troubles.

THERE are many rumors about the troubles of the World's Fair. It is plain to everyone that the attendance has not been what the management anticipated, but it is equally plain that the attendance is picking up steadily and at the present rate of increase, the crowds during the later months of the Fair will be such as to more than make up for any deficiencies during the first three months. It seems to me that some of the officials who come out to the Fair from Washington go out of their way to publish to the world the unsatisfactoriness of the attendance and that whenever they come they are accompanied by rumors that the Government is going to take charge of the Fair and run it until it gets back the money of the second loan. If the Government is going to take charge of the Fair, it at least will not do so until the Fair has failed to make its payments at the stipulated times therefor, and this the Fair has not yet done. The Government's money has been paid promptly thus far, and therefore there can be no cause for the story that the Fair will be taken out of the hands of President Francis and his associates at the beginning of next month. The Fair may need more advertising than it has received and it is likely that it will get it with such a competent man in charge of the work as the newly appointed Mr. McGarvie, but it certainly suffers by such advertising as it receives in the interviews of such gentlemen from Washington as Col. Clarence Edwards, who declares that the attendance is disappointing. This kind of knocking is deplorable. It is unjust to the management, which has certainly done its best and cannot be

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held responsible for the fact that the newspapers of certain sections have leagued together to ignore the great enterprise. The Fair management makes a good showing of the work of its press and publicity department. The suggestion that the Fair advertise in the newspapers seems a good one, but the carrying out of the suggestion would cost a barrel of money, which the Fair has not at hand. The Fair might have had the money to expend in this way had it not been for the fact that the cost of building the Fair was increased enormously beyond all estimates by the advance in the price of labor and material during the period of its construction. The best the Fair can do in the matter is being done in the utilization of space offered gratis by the National Bill Posters' Association, and this may be expected to have a great and immediate effect. The Fair attendance will undoubtedly increase with the coming of cooler weather and with the coming of the time when the farmers shall have put in their crops. Then, too, the dissipation of the idea that this is a "wolf" town, which goes on as the people who have been here return to their homes and tell the truth about hotel and other charges, will help to draw more people here. There is no need to despair of the Fair. There remain four months in which to make up the losses of the past three and pile up the revenue in a most satisfactory manner. It is just about time now for the Fair to be catching on. It was just about at a like time that the Chicago World's Fair struck its gait and scored its greatest success. Just now, also, people all over the country are ceasing to be apprehensive about their finances as a result of a presidential campaign. The vacation season is approaching its height and the vacationists are heading this way. The figures of daily attendance for the past three weeks show improvement, not immense, but steady. All the indications are that the Fair has passed the rockiest part of its road. The Fair will be a success and a big success. It is about time, I should say, that the people who look on at the men who are managing the Fair should cease knocking and criticising and give the workers a word of cheer.



The Packers' Strike.

AFTER being stopped for a few hours, the packers' strike is on again, and its proportions are greater than before. The worldly-minded are hardly to be blamed for suspecting that the settlement of last week was too previous to meet the purposes of those politicians who think that big strikes can be made good campaign material for their respective parties. The public is suffering. And there is no relief from the suffering except in arbitration. The parties at war will not arbitrate. The conclusion is that the Government either State or National or both, in the public interest, should provide for compulsory arbitration of all such disputes. The States and the Nation provide courts for the settlement of all other disputes, why not, then, provide courts to settle labor disputes and enforce the decisions of such courts against both Labor and Capital?



Danger in River Excursions.

THE *Slocum* disaster in New York harbor, in which so many excursionists lost their lives, is beginning to bear fruit. An agitation has been started for the purpose of securing better boats for excursion purposes. This would prove a boon to the masses throughout the country. The majority of excursion boats plying our rivers to-day are far worse than was the *Slocum*. They are old junks which have outlived their usefulness as freighters and are forced into the excursion business as human

death traps. A fire aboard one of these boats or the mere striking of a snag or sandbar in the river, accidents which any good craft would survive, are sufficient to send them to the bottom in less than a few minutes and their passengers would be at the same disadvantage as those of the *Slocum*. There is no such thing as a regularly employed or drilled crew on any of our so-called excursion craft to-day. The employees are there one day and gone the next. Too much attention is given to the gathering in of the gambling device receipts and too little to the safety of the patrons. St. Louis has a big excursion business. The city or federal authorities should see to it that stout boats carry the pleasure seekers out on the river. A disaster like the *Slocum* affair should not be permitted to occur on the Mississippi, but as the business is now watched over by the authorities, almost anything might happen. This is a business that requires closer supervision than it has been receiving.



Wall Street Water.

ACCORDING to the lately published statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the grand total of the par value of railway capitalization in this country is, in round numbers, \$12,600,000,000. This represents a capitalization of about \$64,000 per mile. Every intelligent person must agree that this is excessive. Railroad capitalization should not exceed \$35,000 per mile. Everything over and above that limit may be regarded as so much wind and water. There are mighty few railroads in this country which could not be duplicated at considerably less than their present capitalization. It would seem, however, that capital inflation is a necessary evil in this blessed land. Promoters have to be satisfied, so have politicians, agents and speculative lieutenants. Without inflation Wall street would have to go out of business. Wall street likes that sort of thing, and likes it the more the grander the scale on which it is carried on. It is stock watering that makes speculation interesting and profitable. If Morgan and his associates had not done what they did in the last six years, there would have been no Republican prosperity. Much inflation means much prosperity. This seemingly silly paradox has become one of the cardinal tenets of our "advanced thought" in political economy. William Jennings Bryan's sixteen-to-one theory was tame and timid in comparison to Wall street's gospel of inflation. The Morgan school of inflationists believes in the homely advice: Hoist yourself by your bootstraps.



Autocratic Russian Officers.

RUSSIAN military and naval reforms must begin pretty soon if the Muscovite nation wants to keep free from conflict with the other powers. The seizure of English and German ships in the Red Sea and the subsequent apology sent by the Czar's Government to these powers, serves to show that the Russian naval officer, like his brother on land, is prone to place his own construction on the orders of superiors as well as upon international laws and customs. No orders on the seizure of ships emanated from St. Petersburg, but the Czar's brother-in-law undertook to place such construction upon them, and his subordinate naval officers were only too eager to carry out his wishes. This is not the first instance of the kind in Russian warfare. Russia has, in the past, acquired much territory through the disobedience of officers in overstepping authority, and the offenders have only been too glad to suffer temporary banishment from the service for the reward which the future was sure to bring. The Russian government has never failed to honor the leaders of such piratical expeditions in

time and this fact has inspired others in the service to take the same course. In fact, it was as much the uncalled for aggressiveness and effrontery of the army commanders in the Far East that provoked the Japanese to war, as the dilatory tactics of Russian diplomats. With such calamitous consequences and possibilities staring them in the face, it is difficult to see how the Czar's party can do anything but attempt to discipline its naval and army officers. In the past two weeks or more they have cost their nation more prestige than has been lost thus far in the Manchurian campaign.



Looking for Trouble.

CHARLES W. SCHWAB has gone to Europe with the fixed resolution to make trouble for the United States Steel Corporation. He intends to enter into an unholy alliance with the Krupps of Germany. He has the idea that by introducing a new process of making armor plate he can knock the stuffings out of the bloated trust, of which he was president, not so long ago. It would seem that "Charlie" is real mad. The way he was kicked out of the presidency of the billion dollar concern seems to be rankling in his manly heart. No doubt he deserves our pity. He was, after all, but a tool in the hands of mightier ones. It was not nice of Morgan to criticise "Charlie" for blowing himself at Monte Carlo and hiring extra trains in the Riviera for his special amusement. And now the former president is trying to "get even." "Charlie" is not a man to be despised. Far from it. He has plenty of gumption and is known for resourcefulness. He was for many years the understudy and assistant of the astute Andrew Carnegie. He may yet repeat, or, may be, improve upon the latter's clever trick in bringing Morgan to terms a few years ago.



Much Depends on the Stork.

WILL the approaching visit of the stork to the Russian Imperial Palace bring peace and happiness to the troubled Czar, Nicholas II, and his unfortunate Czarina, or will the little newcomer be of the undesired sex, and cause the reins of government to slip from the hands of the present reigning family? These are weighty questions in Russia just now, questions upon which the future of the Empire may depend. It has been reported from time to time that the Czar, dissatisfied with his heirless lot, and constantly annoyed by the antipathy of his peasant-subjects toward the Czarina, because of the unsatisfactory sex of their offspring, has threatened to abdicate. The clamor for an heir to the throne has been unceasing and it is more than likely that, should the stork's visit again prove unsatisfactory, there will be a demand for a public declaration with regard to the heir apparent. Around this little domestic tragedy, or comedy, in the life of the Czar floats many of his troubles, and no doubt all the conspiracies against his life and reign. Grand Duke Vladimir has been the head and front of the Czar's opposition and no doubt he might have long since ascended the throne but for the fact that the Grand Duchess would not have been acceptable as Czarina. She was a Lutheran and steadfastly clung to that belief until quite recently she embraced the faith of the Russian people. Whether or not this is a step that signifies a change of Russian rulers, however, depends altogether upon the troublesome little stork. At any rate, it is at least a straw which shows to some extent the way the wind is blowing in Russia.



High Living Expenses.

IF this packers' strike should last much longer, Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, will be at his wits' end in his endeavors to explain the infinite blessings

of "high living expenses." The late President Garrison used to say that "a cheap coat means a cheap man." Is Mr. Shaw prepared to follow up this historic precedent with the emendatory declaration that "a cheap porterhouse steak means a cheap man?" The beneficent effects of "high living expenses" are being brought home with drastic impact to the masses of consumers. Mr. Shaw should step to the front with an improved exegesis of his politico-economic gospel. He should explain why high prices and scant supplies invariably accompany, or should bring about, a state of blissful prosperity.



Why Men do Not Attend Church.

CHRISTIANITY has been receiving some severe jolts in various parts of the country from ministers who are trying to solve the problem, Why men do not attend church. One clergyman in Utah even stoops to a form of bribery to induce men to hear him expound the gospel, another in the North offers advertising space in the church in exchange for donations and various others throughout the country are holding "health Sundays," in which all sorts of subjects, save religion, are discussed. There is danger in this rank materialism in the church, even though it does not receive the sanction of those higher up. Such "horse play" does not mix at all with religion, and instead of calling back the "lost sheep," drives them further away. It's up to the heads of the various denominations to get after these religious fakirs who would turn the Hose of God into a bargain counter where mere barter and exchange hold sway. They are not going to call back the men to services by such schemes, all of which serves to remind us that if some of the preachers were of a little higher order mentally, and a little broader spiritually, there would be no such serious defection among their male worshippers. Some preachers have been more potent in driving men from the church than in holding them there. They have not kept pace with the progress of the world. They have denounced the innocent Sunday pastimes of the men, such as base ball, golf and kindred sports, and have offered no substitute in return. Few young men care to cling to a church that preaches hell-fire and damnation as the consequence of indulgence in outdoor games on the Sabbath, and there is no doubt that this causes many of them to remain away from the minister's wrath. Let the honest clergymen, and they are legion, weigh this question; let them fall in with the athletic spirit that to-day prevails, and soon they shall find the young and middle-aged returning to the flock without recourse to the "fee system" of the Utah divine, or the advertising scheme of the Northern clergyman.



Wheat Prices and Prospects.

THIS year's total winter and spring wheat crop is going to be smaller than last year's. Mr. J. J. Hill, the Northwestern railroad king, is authority for the statement that the yield will not exceed six hundred million bushels. Last year's was about thirty millions more than this. Owing to this talk of crop shortage, wheat quotations are rising in Chicago and New York. Crop experts have already figured it out that there will be a shortage of almost a hundred million bushels in the 1904-05 world's wheat supply. They are basing their calculations on the latest news from Europe, which indicate heavy crop losses in Hungary, Roumania, France and parts of Russia. These damage stories may be considerably exaggerated, however. Statistical experts had the Russian wheat crop ruined several times in the last decade, only to find later in the season that the Volga mounds had plenteous stocks on hand for export. The

news from Russia should be received with extreme skepticism. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the Canadian wheat production will be enormous this year. It is estimated that it will aggregate at least eighty million bushels. If this should prove true, Canada will have a nice little surplus for shipment to Europe. Argentina is also enlarging its production of wheat. The crop it harvested some months ago was of splendid proportions, and helped to make European consumers independent of the United States. However, it remains true that the speculative position in wheat is, for the present, in favor of holders. There is sufficient uncertainty in the situation to make selling hazardous. If disaster were to overtake the spring wheat crop in the Northwest, there's no telling how high the price of wheat may soar. But would famine values increase our exports, which have for many months been on a woefully small scale? This is a question most difficult to answer. Exports of wheat and flour from this country in the crop year from July 1, 1903, to July 1, 1904, were the smallest for almost thirty years, and this notwithstanding the fact that Europe's wheat crop of 1903 was considerably short of requirements. From this it would appear as though Europeans were gradually growing independent of our wheat producers. But this cannot be definitely known until there has been a substantial deficit in our harvest.



Good Times in Canada.

CANADA appears to be remarkably prosperous, in spite of the speculative crash which it underwent some time ago. Its manufacturing and agricultural industries are growing, and growing at a handsome rate. Its people are contented. They are making money right and left. They have a government that is ably, diligently progressive, that leaves nothing undone to develop the country's immense natural resources. There is a surplus in the government's treasury of \$16,500,000. This is the largest ever known. Government receipts are increasing at an astonishing ratio. The gain since 1899 amounts to more than 55 per cent. The economic position of Canada is such as fully to warrant the government's intention to construct a new transcontinental railroad. Manitoba and the far Northwest are in the very throes of a boom. American farmers continue their rush to

buy large tracts of fertile lands at cheap prices. Canada has a big, bright future before it, and don't you forget it. It's a country for a hustling young fellow to grow up with.



Progress in Muscovy.

THE news comes from St. Petersburg that the Czar has issued an edict granting the right to trial by jury to all political offenders. This means much. It foreshadows the institution of still more radical reforms. Hitherto political offenders were tried in an arbitrary, star-chamber fashion by administrative process, which accorded them few political rights. On the strength of this latest news, there is good reason to hope that before a great while the Czar may recognize the pressing necessity of proclaiming the constitutional government which his grandfather, Alexander the Third, was so tragically prevented from inaugurating, thirty years ago, by death-dealing Nihiлистs.



A Transportation Hit.

Though it may appear that railroad construction in the United States has not been as active in the past year as in the several years immediately preceding, there is every indication that there has been no let up on the part of the great transportation companies in the matter of improving their properties by the installation of new service, when needed, between important points adjacent to their systems. Railroads have not been enjoying any excessive prosperity and many of them have been compelled to reduce expenses, but the money thus saved has not gone into dividends or surplus funds. It has, in most cases, been spent upon the properties for the benefit of the traveling public. Take the railroads entering St. Louis, for instance. In the past year or two they have expended many thousands of dollars preparing for the World's Fair. Passenger business has not been up to the highest notch of their expectations, yet there has been no complaint from any of the companies and all of them have been planning some great improvements. In this latter respect, the St. Louis and San Francisco is first in the field. With characteristic enterprise and a keen foresight into the needs of the public, the Frisco has brought the two great metropoli of the West, Chicago and St. Louis, into still closer relations, by the establishment of a new fast line between them. This line will be opened to the public on July 31 next, and it is to be the new standard by which to judge of the advantages of travel between the two great sister cities of the West. There are already several first-class railroad systems between Chicago and St. Louis, for which every claim of perfection in travel has been justly made, but with these older lines the new Frisco branch jumps at once into the keenest yet friendliest rivalry; all of which is sure to be of the greatest benefit to travelers in the near future. With the advent of the Frisco's Chicago and Eastern Illinois line in the field, there is established a competition for the passenger business of the two cities that is sure to revolutionize even the present satisfactory arrangements for passenger comfort. The Frisco's line into Chicago is a business-like one. It has been established at a great expense. Trains have been especially built for the service, modern in every respect, with electric light and every known convenience for passengers' comfort. Through service is to be conducted and the run is to be made in about seven and one-half hours. Leaving St. Louis at 9:46 p. m., the passengers will have enjoyed a fair night's rest just as the train pulls into the convenient La Salle Street station, at Chicago, at 7:28 a. m. Returning,

The Isle of Voices

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

F AIR blows the wind to-day, fresh along the valleys,

Strange with the sounds and the scents of long ago;

Sinks in the willow-grove, shifts, and sighs, and rales—

Whence, Wind, and why, Wind, and whither do you go?

Why, Wind, and Whence, Wind?—Yet well and well I know it—

Word from a lost world, a world across the sea; No compass guides there, never chart will show it— Green grows the grave there that holds the heart of me.

Sunk lies my ship, and the cruel sea rejoices, Sharp are the reefs where the hungry breakers fret— Land so long lost to me!—Youth, the Isle of Voices, Call never more to me—I who must forget.

the trip is likewise made at night between 9:10 p. m. and 7:03 a. m. The right of way will be free of any other traffic and equipped with modern appliances for the prevention of accidents. The Chicago terminus of the Frisco—La Salle Street station—gives it an advantage over competitors, since it can deposit passengers in the city by the lake convenient to business and resident sections.

The importance of this new departure of the Frisco will be appreciated from the start—since it will aid greatly in conveying passengers to and from St. Louis during the remaining months of the Exposition. It is a valuable asset of Chicago and St. Louis and will tend to materially increase the business of both.

1st; while on November 7th the figures were 86.

In 1892 the average price on January 2d was 91 against 88 on the preceding October 1st. On September 15th the average price was 86, but on November 7th, the day before the election, it had reached 90, to drop to 89 the day after election and to 85 on March 4th 1903, the day the new administration went into power.

In 1896, the average price started at 51 against 62 the preceding October 1st. On August 8th, the time of the Bryan speech, the average price had dropped to 41, but on August 10th there was a rally to 43, and by November 2d, the day before the election, there being then little doubt as to the result, it had reached 53. There was a further recovery to 54 the day after Bryan's defeat.

In 1900 the average price was 61 on March 9th against 77 on the preceding September 5th. There was a further decline to 53 on June 23d, a rally to 59 on July 23d, while after the election, on November 20th, the average price was as high as 69.

Speculation usually drags in presidential years. The sales of the New York Stock Exchange declined to 54,654,096 shares in 1896 from 65,538,232 in 1895; and to 138,312,266 in 1900 from 173,912,086 in 1899.

All this shows that presidential years are periods of disturbance to prices with, usually, a falling tendency while the time of uncertainty exists, and with a rally when the strain of the contest is passed. At least one year out of four may be said to be lost to business enterprise on a large scale, and, if there is a change of parties in control of government, there may be further uncertainty until the policy of the new administration is definitely known.

The bearing of all this upon the election of this year is self-evident. The main issue now is one that is vital to the business interests of the country. Even the tariff question, which was the bone of contention in 1884, 1888, and 1892, was not a matter of such deep concern as was the money question in 1896 and 1900, and as is the question of the regulation of the corporations now.

How important this issue is to the markets and general business may be appreciated by a few facts. Mr. John Moody in his recent book, "The Truth about the Trusts," gives a list of 318 industrial trusts having a capitalization of \$7,246,342,533, 111 franchise trusts having a capitalization of \$3,755,456,071, and six railroad combines having a capitalization of \$9,397,363-907, a total of \$20,379,162,511. The trust question, therefore, directly concerns one-fifth of the entire wealth of the country and indirectly concerns the other four-fifths, because the trusts and the railroad combines and their banking alliance virtually control the business of the country. Every interest, agricultural, industrial, and financial, depends more or less on their welfare. Those most directly interested in the prosperity of these great corporations are the men and the institutions owning, or loaning upon, their security. These trusts have probably a million stockholders. Fully 40 per cent of the loans of the national banks are made on stock and bond collateral, and their aggregate loans are upward of \$3,500,000,000. The trust issue, therefore, strikes in one way or another at the pocketbooks of millions of capitalists. It is, moreover, of vital concern to millions of consumers.

There is a feeling that the questions of publicity, of government supervision of industrial corporations, of government regulation of railroad rates, and of the enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in restraint of internal commerce concern so closely the prosperity of the country that even any serious talk about these subjects makes business somewhat unstable. Then, allied with this question of the regula-

How a Presidential

Campaign Affects Business

WITH the Presidential election settled, and with good crops, we may look forward, with confidence, to another period of prosperity." Thus recently spoke one of our greatest bankers.

The presidential election—that, then, is an influence in the business situation. Men must live, and the industries of the country will, therefore, continue. The wheels of commerce are not to come to a standstill, and there is a slowing-up due in part to causes not wholly relating to politics; but there might have been by this time a full, normal movement if it were not for the presidential campaign, which again presents an issue on which the whole mechanism of business revolves.

Yet any man is pardonable for saying, "I don't see why there should be this strange pause in business activities, this uneasiness that is felt more than it is spoken."

"I will tell you what I think it is," said a leading banker. "The cost of living is at the highest point in years. The prices of commodities are too high. The people are restless and uneasy. They associate the high cost of living with the exactions of both the trusts and the labor unions. The regulation of the trusts has become a national issue. Sober, conservative men are vitally interested in the problem, and know that it should be solved. Demagogues, however, are making much of it in order to arouse the passions of the people for their own selfish interests. Until the election is past, there can be no complete relief from a certain degree of uneasiness."

There is nothing unusual in this condition of business disturbed by a presidential campaign. It is the price the American people pay for a republican form of government.

No other great people subject themselves to such an ordeal. England has a government which approaches ours in essential liberty; and yet, in England, there are not such frequent political contests and changes as in the United States. England has had only two monarchs in sixty-seven years, and one of them reigned for sixty-three years. There have been thirty-four changes of ministries since 1783, while the presidential election of this year is the thirtieth since 1788, but there have been only twenty-two different prime ministers as against twenty-five different presidents. A general parliamentary election in England corresponds to a general election in the United States. There have been since 1837 only fifteen parliaments and thirty-three congresses. This will be the seventeenth presidential election since that date.

In nearly every presidential year there has been an increase in the number of business failures, and in 1872, 1884, 1896, and 1900 there was also an increase in the aggregate of liabilities of bankrupt concerns. Money usually goes out of the country in presidential years. There was an excess of gold exports over gold imports in 1860, 1864, 1868, 1872, 1876, 1884, 1892, 1896

and 1900; in other words in every year of a presidential election, but two, since the beginning of the Civil War. Since 1896 there has been only one year in which more gold left the country than came into it, and that was the year of the last presidential election. In three election years since 1860 there was a falling off in the circulation of money. Three other elections were followed by a decrease in circulation the next year. The other elections do not appear to have had any special effect in this particular.

In 1876, 1884, and 1896 there was a noticeable decline in loans and discounts of the national banks. Bank clearings in New York, which are a good barometer of the activity of speculation as well as of trade, declined in 1868, 1876, 1884, 1888, and 1900. They increased in 1872 and 1880, and there was a very slight gain in 1892. Bank clearings in the United States declined in 1888 and 1900, and the gains in 1892 and 1896 were so small as not to indicate a normal growth. Customs receipts decreased in four presidential elections since 1868. Merchandise exports per capita declined in four such years. There was a notable increase in 1892, a year which President Harrison described as having reached the high-water mark of American prosperity, though its records have since been exceeded. In 1896 the per capita exports were \$12.29, against \$11.51 in 1895, but expanded to \$14.42 the year after the election. Pig-iron production declined in 1876, 1884 and 1896, and practically stood still in 1888 and 1900. All this indicates a decided disturbance of business in presidential years.

The effect of the political campaign is even more vividly shown by the course of Wall Street's stock market, always sensitive to every changing condition and every element of doubt and fear. In 1896, Mr. Bryan captured the Democratic party, and paralyzed the business of the country by his free-silver campaign. There was great anxiety until early in August, when the candidate came to New York to deliver a speech in Madison Square Garden. After that, things began to improve. It was the only time in our political history when a political campaign stump speech determined the course of the stock market.

In the second Bryan campaign of 1900 the *Financial Chronicle* of July 21st said:

"In judging the effect, on industrial affairs, of the triumph of Bryan, it should be remembered that any state of facts, or any condition that excited a fear as to the stability of the currency, would be all-sufficient to bring on another era of general distrust and business prostration."

The records of security prices in presidential years are very instructive. Starting with 1888, it is found that on January 24th the average price of twenty leading railroad stocks, as reported by *The Wall Street Journal*, was 81 against 83 on the previous October 1st. By July 2d the average price had declined to 75. There was a rally to 83 by May 1st; then another drop to 77 on June 13th, with a recovery to 88 on October

The Mirror

tion of combinations of capital, is the difficult problem of organized labor. Moreover, Populism may not yet have run its course. There are political agitators who are preaching the gospel of the hatred of wealth and stirring up social unrest. All this contributes to the unsettlement of business.

It does not follow from all this that, because agitation of the trust problem disturbs business, the people are ready to drop the issue. There is something better than dividends and values. It is liberty. For that the people when aroused are willing to pay a great price.

Nor does the election affect every section of the country alike.

A representative of a leading New York bank recently made a tour of the country to obtain information at first hand of business conditions and among the questions that he asked of the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers whom he met was this: "What is the effect of the presidential campaign upon business?" He sums up briefly the results of his investigations as follows:

"Undoubtedly, the political contest is having, and will continue to have, an unsettling influence upon

trade, but the effect is not equal throughout the country nor among all lines of business. Through the West, the Northwest, and the Southwest there was much less said about the election from the business point of view than in the East. Perhaps this was due in part to the widespread belief in trade circles in that great part of the country that the result of the election is not in doubt. President Roosevelt's election is, in their opinion, assured. But it was also due to the conviction that the prosperity of the West depends on the crops and not upon politics. The talk was, therefore, full of the crops, and the prediction was made that, if they averaged well, the business of the country would be active and profitable.

"Among the manufacturers, however, their interests being somewhat bound up in the tariff and the question of the government policy toward the industrial corporations, there was much more concern regarding the course of the political campaign. And it was noticeable that this concern increased the nearer I got to the East."

It is probable that, speaking broadly, the West underestimates the effect of the election upon business, while the East, perhaps, overestimates it.

purpose have had to be rented in which to lock up Russian citizens; and this at a moment when Russian armies need reinforcements at the front. Such a state of things is a moral defeat for the Government, quite as fatal as those occasioned by the Japanese on the battlefield.

But what weakens still more the present Government in its home policy is the presence of a new force, which is beginning to take on an organized form and to loom large on the Russian political horizon. I refer to the Liberal Party, representing and including all the various strata of the nobility, municipal bodies, district governments, the burgher classes of the cities and the liberal professions, which, after a long, a too long, period of passive opposition, more platonic than practical, are now coming forward to help organize a great political party and to demand political reforms, or, rather, political reform—that is, liberty. For the first time since a century, this party has an organ in the press, the *Osvobojenie* (*The Enfranchisement*), well supplied with money and good writers. It is carrying on a legal propaganda, criticizing the wrongful acts of the Government and bravely opposing every vexatious and illegal measure of the authorities.

This Liberal movement, which is making rapid progress and becoming really strong, is beginning to frighten even M. de Plehwe himself, who can no longer restrain himself and who made this statement to an unfortunate writer who went to him to ask why he was to be deported, since he was not an extremist. "Yes," explained, cynically, the Minister of the Interior, "I know that you are not a Revolutionist. But it is no longer the Revolutionists whom we fear, for we have a million (?) bayonets to turn against them. It is you Liberals who are a danger, especially those of you who do not go outside the pale of the law in your opposition to the present *regime*." A Government which, by the mouth of one of its chief ministers, makes such a confession as this—that it fears especially those who do not violate the law of the land—such a Government making such a confession signs thereby its own death warrant.

Under these circumstances, it is easy to understand how the state of discontent is becoming general and how a revolt against such a *regime* is spreading through all classes of Russian society, even those where the most pacific ideas reign. This also explains why an autocracy which, during long centuries, dared to do anything, no longer dares to do many things. Hence it is that the Government has not put its veto on the interference of the municipalities and the assemblies of the nobility in the matter of the care of the soldiers and sailors at the seat of war. They seem to say to the Government: "You are incapable of organizing the military sanitary services, so let us do it, as this concerns our sons and brothers."

The full significance of this state of mind will be seen when the war comes to an end. Then it will be found, I am sure, that I have not exaggerated the importance of this Liberal movement. The great party, which is in the background now, will then come to the fore with the will and the power to accomplish much, I am convinced.

We have thus seen that the effort which the Russian Government is forced to make in order to meet the Japanese—it will be noted that I do not say to beat the Japanese—is too much for its moral strength. But this nefarious war, whose aim and cause the people do not yet comprehend, is a further source of weakness to the present *regime*, the effects of which will especially show themselves toward the end of the struggle. I refer to the enormous material harm it is doing the people. Thousands of families are already ruined and in mourning, and the end is not

What May Happen in Russia

By S. Kniajnine

(The author of this article was formerly editor-in-chief of the "Swoboda" (Liberty), the organ, which appeared for some time in Paris, of the Russian advanced party.)

THE greatest enemy of the Russian Government is not the Japanese army facing General Kuropatkin, but rather the army of discontented people at home within the borders of the Empire itself, whom Governmental oppression, through long years of evil-doing of all sorts, in all parts of the vast monarchy, has raised up as an implacable enemy.

In this large and powerful body of malcontents we should place first the subjected races, peoples in a perpetual state of harrassment on the part of the St. Petersburg authorities.

In this category the Poles deserve to take front rank, filled with anger and hatred, as they are, against the Governmental policy of excessive Russification, which prohibits the teaching of the maternal tongue in the schools of Russian Poland, a portion of the Empire which is just now in a state of extraordinary excitement. Indeed, since the outbreak of the war, the two powerful anti-Governmental parties, the Popular League and the Socialist Party, have found it necessary, in order to prevent a bloody act of coercion, to use all their influence to dissuade their partisans from having recourse to an open insurrection. The consequence is that the Russian Government dare not withdraw any troops from the Polish Provinces, where, furthermore, collisions between citizens and soldiery occur almost daily.

Finland, too, is another Poland. The valiant, liberty-loving Finns detest the present regime of perjury, illegality and violence set up against them by M. de Plehwe, the Russian Minister of the Interior, and by General Bobrikoff,* the Military Governor of Finland. The lamentable condition of affairs in that part of the Empire was fully laid before the readers of *The Independent* by Mr. Erik Ehrstrom on December 3d last. The Russian Government has nothing to

hope for and everything to fear from that quarter. This is only too evident.

The whole Caucasus is also in a slumbering state of revolt, especially since the Georgians have begun to organize revolutionary societies and the Armenians, who, since the Government has laid heavy hands on their lands and the National Church, are second to none in their hatred of all that pertains to Czardom. So here, too, a goodly number of troops must be kept unoccupied.

I say nothing of vast Siberia, where scattered over the whole country are colonies of convicts and political exiles who detest their keepers, both of low and high degree, and where, a few weeks ago, nearly 40,000 inhabitants of one single region desired to emigrate to China in order to escape the vexations of the Minister of the Interior.

In the interior of Russia proper we find three revolutionary parties boldly facing the Government of the Czar,—the Social Democrats, the Revolutionary Socialists and the Union of Hebrew Socialists. All three are keeping up a continual propaganda addressed to every stratum of society, but especially to the working classes of the cities and even to those of the country districts. Thousands of tracts and proclamations are scattered broadcast throughout the land, explaining every event and the whole political policy of the Government, in a spirit, of course, of stout opposition. They have organized in all the cities societies for the spreading of the good word and for agitation, and, in spite of wholesale arrests, the movement goes on unchecked. No good is accomplished by these wholesale arrests, but quite the contrary. The authorities cannot kill the prisoners, who have to be held or set free. The result is the increment of the body of malcontents, for all these political prisoners have relatives and friends. This reckless policy of arresting right and left has called forth this remark in St. Petersburg: "Here in Russia, while one-half of the population is fighting at the front, the other half is kept in prison." It is quite true that the prisons and jails are overflowing, and to such an extent that houses never intended for this

* This article was written a day or two before Bobrikoff's assassination.—EDITOR.

yet. When these afflicted families finally rise above their losses, they will lend a willing ear to the words of the malcontents, the Revolutionists and the Liberals; they will then fully grasp the grave faults and criminal culpability of the present Government, which rushed headlong into this murderous struggle with Japan. An exhausted treasury, business stagnated, all the evil results of a terrible war, will add their difficulties to the moral and political shortcomings of the *regime*, which will surely be shaken to its base thereby.

Whether the Japanese are vanquished or victorious, the present Government will be considered incompetent. Its incapacity and its negligence in administering the affairs of the country are too evident to be explained away. The war once brought to a close, even more or less to the advantage of Russia, the present *regime* must, if it is to continue in any form, turn toward the nation and grant certain concessions, in the form of political liberties. There must be a free press; we must enjoy the right of public meeting and discussion; the demands of the municipalities and the provincial assemblies must be received and listened to; the working classes and the professions must be granted the right to form societies and unions, greater liberties must be accorded to the universities,—such are some of the chief re-

forms that will surely result from the present conflict.

If Russia receives a decided defeat at the hands of the Japanese, then the situation of the Government and the whole *regime* will become more serious; for, in this case, it is the revolutionary parties that will come decidedly to the fore and that will take the lead in the reform movement. For the past thirty years they have been carrying on the fight against great odds and have felt themselves stronger after each reverse. To-day they have many of the lower classes in their ranks, an element that has less to lose and so much to gain. This united body is only awaiting an opportunity to make a final assault on the Governmental citadel. When the rush comes, it is probable that they will sweep all before them, as the Japanese are doing in Korea and China. Then it will not be simply a matter of reforms, but a life and death struggle between autocracy and liberty. The present coterie which rule Russia never dreamed, when they began this war, that they had started Czardom on a course at the end of which was a fatal fall, or, at least, a change of *regime* in the direction of modern forms of government. We are now moving toward that fall or that change, perhaps toward both, with a giant's step.

From the Independent.

naming Greeley, and the Republicans won great majorities in the North—137,000 in Pennsylvania, 55,000 in Illinois, 74,000 in Massachusetts, 60,000 in Michigan, and in Greeley's own State, New York, 53,000.

With the election of 1876, a new period was ushered in. The bad times, the administration scandals, and the boredom of the Southern question, and a reaction against the radical anti-Confederate sentiment of the war period and its aftermath—these influences created a sort of revolution in public sentiment. The Democrats carried the House by a large majority in 1874, and, but for the superb strategy—or bold-faced stealing—of the Republican leaders, would have won the Presidency in 1876, Tilden getting 50 per cent. of the total and Hayes only with 48 per cent.—and the Presidency. The Republican tidal wave was receding.

The next twenty years was a low-flat period of political energy. The parties see-sawed for control of the House and of the Presidency. After Garfield's victory in 1880, both parties steadily declined in their percentages of the popular vote—an unparalleled experience in American politics. Both reached the low point in the election of 1892. This meant that the minor parties grew in strength. The People's Party polled more than one million votes, thus becoming the most powerful minor party in our history—since we cannot regard either one of the Democratic parties of 1860 as a third or minor party in the common use of the term. Had Gresham taken the Populist nomination in 1892, the break would have been much larger. Or had the Populists stood by their guns and rejected fusion in that and succeeding campaigns, this party might have become powerful. But fusion crippled it, and alienated men of high principles who had hoped to find in it a new party of distinctive great purposes.

What meant the immense, sudden change in 1896? The Republican vote leaped 8 per cent. and the Democratic was unchanged. The minor parties, which had 11 per cent. of the total vote in 1892, now shrunk to 3 per cent. What had happened? Bryan killed the Populists as a party by getting their indorsement. McKinley aroused all the old enthusiasm of his party, and attracted to himself thousands of Democrats whom Bryan repelled. The vote leaped from 12,000,000 to more than 13,500,000, and McKinley became the only President who had received a popular majority since Grant, thirty-four years before.

Four years later, in 1900, the same men met again, and McKinley slightly increased his percentage and Bryan lost 1 per cent.

All the anti-imperialistic thunder of 1898 and 1900, and all the high prices of these latter years, could not prevail against the impression that the party of protection means prosperity. Mr. Champ Clark, the brilliant Missouri Democratic congressman, said after the campaign of 1900 that he knew why his party was defeated—an old Missouri Democrat at one of his own meetings give him the key. As Mr. Clark was expatiating on the downfall of the constitution and the perils of the republic involved in the Philippine policy, this old farmer turned to a friend and observed, "Oh, well, I guess we can stand it as long as cattle is \$4 on the hoof."

The Republicans have made Prosperity their rallying cry, and it has won. Shrewder campaign maxims were never made than Mr. Hanna's "Let well enough alone" and "Stand pat." The voter has no knowledge of tariff schedules. You can convince him that this schedule ought to be lowered and that one changed, but he is not going to trust the Democratic party to do it.

And what is the outlook for the coming campaign? The third parties do not promise to disturb the normal strength of the two main parties, and "cattle is still \$4 on the hoof."

—From The World's Work.

The Stability of Our Political Parties

THE one certain political characteristic of the American people is conservatism. When one considers the various forms of political lunacy which have afflicted the United States during the past half century such a statement may seem absurd. But, in spite of the dozen odd political notions which have formed themselves into parties in our own time, not one of them has assumed serious proportions. Since the Republican party was formed in 1856, the vast majority of the people have voted as Republicans or as Democrats. We have had a great civil war, we have gone through all the horrors of reconstruction, and we have embarked upon a new policy of expansion, and yet no new parties have been formed really worth consideration. Not only have the voters kept on casting their ballots for the parties of Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, but the proportion of the votes cast for each of these parties has not radically varied. Because of our electoral system and our national propensity to indulge in large phrases, we speak of an "overwhelming victory," a "landslide," a "ground-swell," at certain presidential elections; yet nothing of that sort has really occurred. We often speak of Lincoln's second election and Grant's second election as "overwhelming endorsements," yet they were hardly in any sense "overwhelming."

On account of our State and electoral system, a popular majority of a few hundred votes in a big State may carry the Presidency by a large majority in the electoral college, but it does not show the real sentiment and verdict of the nation. Lincoln, in 1860, got a tremendous majority in the electoral college, yet he was far from being the choice of a majority of the people; for he had less than 40 per cent. of the popular vote, the smallest percentage that ever elected any man President. Taking the popular vote as a basis, let us study the records of parties since the Civil War.

The figures for Lincoln's election are valueless for our purpose. At his first election the opposition was divided and he received a minority of the popular vote. At his second election he received 53 per cent. of the total vote; but eleven States, all opposed to

him, took no part in the election. Let us, then, begin with Grant's first election and trace the history of the two parties since that time. Here is a table of the popular vote, the percentages being approximate, without fractions:

Year.	Percentage of Total Vote.		
	Republicans.	Democrats.	
1868 Grant	53	Seymour	47
1872 Grant	53	Greeley	44
1876 Hayes	48	Tilden	50
1880 Garfield	48	Hancock	48
1884 Blaine	48	Cleveland	48
1888 Harrison	47	Cleveland	48
1892 Harrison	42	Cleveland	46
1896 McKinley	51	Bryan	46
1900 McKinley	51	Bryan	45

The most superficial glance at this table will show three periods: (1) Grant's two elections; (2) McKinley's two elections; and (3) the elections that intervened. For, at the close of Grant's terms, the Republican percentage dropped abruptly from 53 per cent. to 48 per cent., while the Democratic rose from 44 per cent. to 50 per cent. After Hayes' election both parties remained at less than 50 per cent. Mr. Cleveland, at his second election, which has often been described as a most signal and overwhelming triumph of the people, receiving but 46 per cent. of the total vote. But at the next election, in 1896, a sudden change took place, Bryan, defeated, receiving the same percentage as that by which Cleveland won four years before; but McKinley pushed the Republican percentage from 42 per cent. to 51 per cent. He increased it still further in 1900, while the Democrats dropped from 46 per cent. to 45 per cent.

Now, the Grant period is merely a continuation of the Lincoln period, when the Republicans were clearly in the ascendancy. Judging by the figures, Grant was a much more popular candidate than Lincoln. Certainly the tide toward Republicanism which began with the Fremont campaign in 1856 reached its flood at Grant's second election. It is true that the Southern States were under carpet-bag, military governments, and their part in swelling the majorities of Grant should be ignored. But Grant was a popular man, the Democracy had made a frightful blunder in

The Mirror

Arthur's Wife

By Constance Morris

SHE watched the huge, rectangular shadow of the cut-glass water-pitcher on the ceiling for over an hour and three-quarters, and still the night light in the dressing-table burned uneasily to the accompaniment of her husband's heavy breathing. Shifting from left to right, and again from right to left, on the warm pillows, the outlines of the strange room of this, the home of her husband's relatives, gained no sort of familiarity as the hours wore on, but remained as unmeaning as the house of death itself.

The silence alone was terrible, speaking as it did of the austere stillness of the death chamber below—a chamber wherein a white figure, once her husband's cousin, lay stretched in awful rigidity on the bed.

The November night was dark, the atmosphere numb and heavy. As the roar and rumble of the cabs and hansoms of Fifth avenue died away in dense, enwrapping silence, the crack of a piece of furniture or the noise of stretching wood grew to be signs portentous and uncanny.

Yet, turning and twisting on the fine linen sheets, every moment sleep seemed more impossible. Her head felt hot, her limbs feverish. She thought to jump from the bed and throw open the window, and with the thought came action. Then she paused; the sound had awakened the sleeping man. He turned restlessly on his side and peered suspiciously into the gloom of the room.

"Etta, is it you that is about? Am I never to get any sleep?"

"Yes, yes," she made answer hastily, and took her watch from the little table near the window. "I got up to see the time."

Before she completed her sentence he had already sunk back to slumber. For a minute she watched him, anxiously craning her neck and exposing in her night-dress its soft base with the tendrils of wavy dark hair. For the rest, a woman agitated and agitating, a woman worn and tense with the fret of a single idea.

Twenty minutes past three! It found her vaguely wondering if aeons had intervened since she and Colonel Feltham had received that startling telegram from the young wife, summoning to town her husband's only relatives.

With faint, impersonal reflections she remembered the quarrel between herself and her husband on the advisability of taking with them the child, which finally resulted in her deferring to his rather imperative orders, and Arthur, the dead man's namesake, was left behind.

And then, after all, they had arrived too late. Too late! After five hours of incessant prayers to God—a great God of whom she had asked and expected so few boons of late—that she should be permitted to be in time.

But they were too late. Had not the chug, chug of the flying train said so? Were not the ugly words written on all sign boards? Did not every dead leaf among the scudding hedges leer it at her?

And then, did not the blank face of the brownstone house on the Avenue, the scrupulously drawn blinds, all tell her they were irretrievably too late?

She jumped from the brougham, waiting for no assistance, smudging her black velvet gown on the muddy wheel, to be met at the door by the six months' bride,

who greeted her in her usual smooth, gentle, unemotional tones.

She remembered now the commonplaces and dreary inquiries that followed like things heard in a dream.

"It was very sudden, was it not?" This is her husband's crisp voice.

"Yes, Cousin Philip."

Then the young widow explained wearily how Arthur had rallied, and then died sitting in his chair with a dressing-gown on.

"It has been a great shock. He had just been aluding to the love he bore little Arthur."

She turned her head and looked at Etta with an almost childish simplicity from out of those green eyes of hers, and the changeless tones of her youthful voice conveyed little meaning to Etta Feltham's dazed perceptions.

"But an hour before, Cousin Philip, he made an alteration in his will in favor of little Arthur."

The very sound of the two voices—of her husband's tones, with his badly concealed exultation—seemed to come from a great distance, as do voices when one lies in a mortal illness.

A bewildered sense of the unreality of things seemingly substantial rocked in her mind. A great gap, an impassable gulf, lay surely between her and those two living, breathing people. They were everything to her and yet nothing.

This, then, was the mate of Arthur's choosing; this

the bride of half a year, this woman so concerned with the material trivialities of life.

"You must be tired; I dare say you would like to go to your rooms. I'll show you myself."

Was it herself or some other woman who mechanically followed to the rooms set aside for their use?

Arthur's wife stood on the threshold and glanced about her with the wavering look of a mission unfulfilled or an explanation unmade. Finally with an effort she said, hesitatingly;

"Would you care to see him?"

Mrs. Feltham recoiled so suddenly she would have tripped on the blue rug had she not caught herself promptly.

"Oh, no, no! That is, not now; not at present, I mean."

"Yes," said the younger woman, in an assured, calm voice, "I know what you mean; you would prefer to go in alone."

And before Mrs. Feltham could be certain of the intimation she turned noiselessly and was gone.

Etta was not certain what was meant. There was something dual in her consciousness, which made her wonder why she cared so little. She was really sure of nothing except one absolute, present thing—she hated this wife of six months, with her youthful face, her placid, stolid manner, her stupid eyes, her wearying passivity; she hated her for the six whole months she had been *his* wife.

Mrs. Feltham shivered; the watch which ticked away those thoughts nearly slipped from her hands. She was right, that other; she did wish to see him and alone, The night-light, which she had raised to look at her watch, diminished.

Throwing on a gown, not waiting to put her feet into slippers, casting a swift side glance at the sleeping man, she turned with a creeping movement to the door. What if he should awaken? How could she account for this midnight desire? She looked at him again with trembling apprehension.

The night light in its last gasps guttered and went out with a sputter loud enough to awaken twenty sleepers; and, as she looked on the recumbent figure, she was arranging in her mind a defense. But the noise died away and the steady breathing continued.

Catching her breath she again moved forward, though assailed by the dread of the door-handle rattling, and the fear that there might be a loose board in the broad stair case she had to descend. She stepped out stealthily and peered into the gloom of the empty passages, over which a sinister foreboding seemed to hover. The oil paintings on the walls, in their dark oak dinginess, added a mystery all their own. There was silence everywhere, in the room she had just left and in the room Arthur's wife occupied, which faced it.

Down the stairs she crept, with no light to guide save a faint flicker from some obscure corner. The great shadow of her own figure loomed up in majestic proportions, grim as Fate. She paused for a moment. Beyond her was the dead man's chamber. She listened for awakening sounds, breathing sharply, and then, with cautious steps, slipped into the library before going into that other room.

She stood before the Sargent portrait of him with a feverish impulse to forget the intervening time since she last saw him, to forget that dread thing—that shrouded and awful something stretched on the bed in the apartment near her.

To look on the virile, handsome face meant to be transported to their first meeting, when across the intimacies of the big dinner table they looked at each other and yet avoided each other's eyes.

A Pirate Song

By ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE

THE sea swings mad in the raging grip
Of the seething, stinging gale,
It moans its hate with a yearning wrath
That bids fair cheeks go pale,—
But fill the bowl to its brimming top,
Drink! for to-night we sail.

Ay, fill the bowl and drain the bowl,
Sing high for the brimming ale,
And fill and drain—again—again—
Till the smoking wassails fail,
Then hurl the bowl at the trembling host,
Drink! for to-night we sail.

The sleet beats down like a rain of blows
On a coat of iron mail,
And faint and thin through the ringing din
Is heard the lookout's hail,
But it's up and up with the foaming cup,
Drink! for to-night we sail.

And it's hurl the cup at the landlord's head,
And little his threats avail
For the unpaid score,—with joyous roar
It's jeer at the beckoning gaol,
And it's sing farewell through the night of hell,—
Drink! for to-night we sail.

Nugent's

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Three-quarter length \$5.00 tan Linen Coats—	now\$3.95
40-inch \$7.50 cream Linen Crash Coats—	now\$4.75
\$10.00 tan Linen Tourist Coats, box pleated—	now\$6.95

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\$35.00 Linen Suits, now\$18.75	
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SEPARATE SKIRTS.

Separate Skirts, of white duck, nicely pleated all around—were \$3.50—at\$2.00	
Walking Skirts, of fancy light-weight mixtures—pleated—were \$6.95—at\$4.50	
Panama Cloth Skirts in colors, black or blue, 26 pleats—were \$7.95—at\$5.95	
Odd lot of White Brillianting and Cheviot Skirts that were \$11.75 to \$13.50—at\$6.95	

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company,

Broadway, Washington Ave.
and St. Charles Street.

She recalled everything that followed; her foolish fear of being too soon at their trysting place; her dread of being too late. She remembered how she strained her ears for the click that presaged his arrival each time he called, and the intoxicating, suffocating beating of her heart when she heard his big, welcoming cry and was held close in his arms.

And now he was dead. The white mockery of a man near her, that covered thing so numbing in its statue-like immobility, was all that remained.

The modeling of his features, as is often the case with the memory of the dead, had evaporated in her brain. She must look on his face again. With averted eyes and with the stealthy, silent movements of a cat, she glided into his room—the room where he had slept, and lived and died.

The mortuary chamber wore that rigid, unfathomable look peculiar to rooms where the dead lie. Everything had been straightened. The dressing table with its heavy stamped silver had been scrupulously tidied; the books, papers, the medicine bottles, had been put away. His favorite armchair, the chair—she shuddered—in which he must have died, had been backed stiffly against the wall; itself a dead, forgotten thing. There was no trace of life in all the wide emptiness. She gazed around her in a baffled way, dimly realizing that the soul of the man she loved had fled, leaving to her nothing but the shell.

He had been posed in the foolishly conventional attitude of the dead, the white shroud transforming the body into the mere shapeless outline of a man. She drew near the bed with trembling limbs. With dilated eyes she stooped over the hidden thing and then, when about to raise the white sheet, fell back with a renewed sense of horror.

Her pulses leaped and then seemed to cease altogether. The strangeness of death overawed the very muscles of her arm. She wanted the living, not the dead. She wanted the living man who had filled the dreary emptiness of her life and made it possible.

Pulling herself together with a convulsive movement, she again leaned over the bed. As she did so she became dizzily conscious of a hand touching her elbow. Dazed and paralyzed with fear, the scream which came to her lips strangled in a guttural cry, she dropped into the cretonne-covered chair, faint and nerveless.

"I have been waiting for you," said the grave, cool voice of Arthur's wife.

A gush of tears, the first she had shed, rose to the terrified woman's eyes.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she sobbed—"you frightened me!"

The younger woman's mouth was pinched into lines of suffering.

"Yes," she replied gently, "yes, I suppose I did."

"What are you doing up at this hour?" Mrs. Feltham asked, as she pressed her cold hands under the warm woolen armpits of her gown.

"Waiting for you," went on the clear, icy tones; "Why, Edith!" Mrs. Feltham gasped, with the odd sensation of a hand clutching at her heart, and she stammered again, "Why, Edith!"

"Waiting for you," went on the clear, icy tones; "you weren't content with the living, you even want the dead." Her quick breathing was the only thing that disturbed the strained silence.

The elder woman looked at her with frightened eyes and her voice was hoarse.

"You haven't the right to speak to me in that way," she said.

The younger stood before her, her frozen calm for once turned to an impressive indignation.

"I haven't the right?" she questioned fiercely. "I have the right," she continued passionately. "There are limits to all endurance. I have the right of six months' outraged, insulted wifehood. I have the right of my sorrow which has nearly killed me. Did you and he think I could remain your dupe for long? Did you think because I was a young girl just taken from school that I could not untangle after a time the true from the false? Why"—the scorn that blazed in her pale eyes cowed the other in its intensity—"I had not been married two months before I knew he loved someone else and was base, base. Ah! but how base I did not dream. I would have been content with so little, but there was no division for me. Tell me why—tell me why he married me. Am I to believe nothing good of him?"

She flung out her arms and pointed to the inanimate figure near them. "Am I to retain nothing, nothing? Answer me!" she commanded mercilessly, you owe me that much, at least."

"I do not know, I—cannot say—" murmured the elder woman falteringly. Her voice was very low and her tones tremulous. "I believe—I think he loved you. He was not the sort to act on irresponsible impulses."

"Then why—then why?" restively queried the younger, and her eyes sought the other's helpless ones.

Mrs. Feltham averted them hastily and the blood left her face.

"It will hurt you, but you want the truth, and you shall have it. You were feeble, colorless, seemingly indifferent to all the things he cared for most. He expected to find in your youth an enthusiasm for his interests. You oppressed him and your gravity weighed upon him."

"And he expected to know me—my nature in a few short months?" she replied bitterly. I gave him my better self; he refused it and took my hurt silences for stupidity. I displayed for his benefit all the knowledge a kind Providence had seen fit to give me in lieu of looks and was told I was pedantic. My seriousness was accounted ignorance. I gave him my love, and, because in their very fineness my feelings were too sacred to wear upon my sleeve, I was told I was cold. Ah, it was unfair, unfair!"

The contrast between the will-less, listless creature of yesterday and the woman before her, with rage and injured pride in every line of her frail figure, struck Etta Feltham like a blow. A tense silence gripped the oppressiveness of the room.

"Leave me!" said Arthur's wife. "Leave me!"

The dead man's dressing-gown, which had been thrown over the chair, the sleeve still bulging and round with the form of him who had worn it that very day, met her eyes. She seized it quickly and pressed it passionately against her slight chest and hugged it close to her.

It spoke in some unaccountable way of that intimate, everyday, palpitating life—of her sorrowful wifehood. She laid her head down on its crumpled folds and sobbed aloud—long and hopelessly. When at length she lifted her face it was to see the other standing staring with stricken eyes.

"Oh, go—go!" she said wildly. "You have the child. Leave me my dead."

The other looked at her, abashed, panic stricken, and then stole silently from the room. As before, the dark night swooned in the passages.

With a monotonous beat, the clock in the chamber with the dead man and the living woman ticked away the inexorable passage of time; while above, on the noiseless stairs, the wretched figure with bare feet loomed grim and aloof in the faint gleam of the flickering light.

Town Topics.

The Mirror

THE LARGEST SALARIED MAN

President Roosevelt is not by any means the largest salaried man in the country. More than one bank president has a salary equal to his, and railway presidents and guiding spirits in industrial affairs receive as much, and many of them far more. A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railway, James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, and L. F. Loree, of the Rock Island, each draw \$75,000 per year. F. D. Underwood is manager of the Erie at \$50,000 per year. S. C. T. Dodd, general solicitor of the Standard Oil Company, receives \$250,000 a year. Rockefeller's salary as president of the same corporation is not known. Charles Schwab draws \$100,000 a year, besides commissions, as president of the United States Steel Corporation. S. R. Callaway resigned a \$40,000 position with the New York Central Railway to become president of the American Locomotive Company at a salary of \$100,000. Henry O. Havemeyer's yearly salary as president of the American Sugar Company is said to be \$100,000. There are some large salaries paid presidents of the insurance companies. President McCall, of the New York Life, draws \$150,000, while three other officials of the same company draw \$50,000 each per annum.



MORGAN'S SAGACITY

A good story is being told just now of J. Pierpont Morgan. The joke is on a well-known Fifth avenue jewelry firm. Not long ago the firm received a very fine pearl. So strikingly handsome was the jewel, and so certain were the firm's experts that it would appeal with most effect to a connoisseur, that it was determined to offer it at private sale to some one who not only knew what was what, but who was able to gratify his tastes without regard to cost.

The question was thoroughly threshed over in the private office of the firm. Finally one of the partners said: "Let's send this down to Mr. Morgan and let him have first say on it."

The idea met with unanimous approval, and a stenographer was instructed to write to Mr. Morgan that if he wanted the pearl, which was set in a scarf pin, he could have it for \$5,000. In the event the pearl did not meet with his approval—it was forwarded with the note—the financier was asked to return it by the messenger intrusted with it.

In due time the pearl, accompanied by the firm's letter, reached Mr. Morgan. The jewel was carefully wrapped in tissue paper and enclosed in a leather-covered box. Mr. Morgan read the firm's communication with interest, and opened the box containing the pearl. He was delighted with it, and, after closely inspecting it, rewrapped it in the tissue paper and thrust it into his trousers' pocket.

At this point High Finance took the center of the stage. Calling his cashier, Mr. Morgan instructed him to draw two checks to the firm of jewelers—one for \$4,000 and the other for \$5,000.

The \$5,000 check Mr. Morgan placed in the box that had contained the pearl. He had the package carefully tied and sealed with wax. The \$4,000 check he enclosed in a letter to the jewelers, in

which he wrote that if the firm was willing to accept that amount for the pearl the box might be returned to him at once and the transaction considered closed. In the event, however, that the firm was unwilling to accept less than \$5,000 for the pin, the \$4,000 check was to be returned without delay.

The preliminaries executed, Mr. Morgan, with the pearl safe in his pocket, sent the messenger back, bearing his letter and the box. In less than an hour the messenger returned, fetching the box in which was the \$5,000 check. He announced that the jewelers had decided to accept the \$4,000 offer. Mr. Morgan received the information complacently. When the messenger had taken his departure, Mr. Morgan chuckled.

Just before he sailed for the other side, Mr. Morgan met one of the members of the jewelry firm at a dinner, and related to him the story of the two checks. The jeweler forthwith averred that his firm had lost money by the transaction.

"If you were losing money," asked Mr. Morgan, "why didn't you keep my \$5,000 check?"

The jeweler is said to have bowed low.

"I can understand now, Mr. Morgan," he declared, "how it is that you have earned your place as the leading financier of the age."—*New York Times*.



AS TO FACE BLEACHES

The safest bleaches in the long run are the vegetable bleaches. And one of the best of these is the cucumber bleach made by extracting the clear, pure juice from two ripe cucumbers. To this add a teaspoonful of borax. Apply to the skin clear, as a lotion, and let it remain on. Wash off with soap and water. Be sure to rinse off all the soap. And do not go out for at least an hour after using. This is extremely nice for any skin that is freckled, or yellow, or discolored, blotched, or pimpled, or rough.



General Chaffee tells of a regular army veteran who approached him on the street and asked him for a quarter. "Why, you received your month's pay yesterday, didn't you?" The veteran acknowledged it, and being asked what had become of it, replied: "Well, it's like this." I left the post and crossed to New York with that \$15.50. I met a friend and we had dinner. I was mighty surprised when the bill was \$8. Then I bought \$1 worth of cigars and we went to the theatre for \$4. After the theatre we went down the Bowery, and I spent \$2 there." "That's only \$15," said the general: "what became of the other fifty cents?" The soldier reflected. "I guess I must have spent that foolishly," he at length replied.



An English paper is printing pulpit stories, chiefly bulls and undecided metaphors. Some gayety might also be found in the little mis-adventures of foreigners preaching in English, but these take place mostly in Roman Catholic churches, and are not so well known. One for example, told by the London *Chronicle*, was the lot of an anxious Italian priest, accustomed to a language which, in one instance, has

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THE CAMPAIGN BRAND

The premises were coming down, and for the last few weeks they were being used as an auction room by certain keen-looking benefactors of humanity.

The auctioneer was endeavoring to dispose of a stock of beautifully labelled cigars, and he grew quite eloquent as he described their virtues.

"In short, gentlemen," he wound up, "you can't get better. I don't care where you go, you can't get better; you can't get better."

"No, you can't get better," broke in a bystander. "I smoked one last week, and I'm not better yet."—*London Tid-Bits*.



AN ORDINARY BOY'S QUESTION

Tommy Figgjam—Paw?

Paw Figgjam—Yes, sonny.

"Don't th' Bible say 'All flesh is grass'?"

"I guess so, sonny."

"Then is dried beef hay?" — *Baltimore American*.



"A woman can't keep a secret," declares the mere man. "Oh, I don't know," retorts the fluttery woman; "I've kept my age a secret since I was twenty-four." "Yes; but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will simply have to tell it." "Well, I think that when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it." —*Judge*.



Why they leave: "Pa, what is the wanderlust?" "Something cooks have." —*Cleveland Leader*.

The Mirror

II

A VIEW OF PAUL KRUGER

Oom Paul is dead, and the newspapers have published obituaries of him, but the mere woman, who doesn't know much about politics, but is interested in all that individuals do, has other recollections of the late president of the Boer republic.

One of these memories is of the famous hat that the old man always wore. When, some years ago, they erected a Kruger statue in a public square in Johannesburg, there was considerable difference of opinion as to whether the great man should be represented wearing his hat or bareheaded.

The practical wife of the president finally settled the question. She argued that the hat was as characteristic of Oom Paul as a crown was of a king, and besides she had another reason for wanting that hat in bronze in the public square.

Mrs. Kruger was very fond of birds, and the birds of Johannesburg had a hard time of it when the dry season set in and there were no pools for them to drink in. She suggested that Oom Paul's hat not only be installed in its place on top of the bronze head of the statue, but that the crown of it be made hollow so that the rain would collect in it and form a little reservoir for the birds. This was done.

When Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands was married, French dukes gave her pearls and German princes gave her gold and gems, but Oom Paul sent her a thimble. And it wasn't a mere silly gem encrusted, queenly affair to put in a glass case. It was sensible and solid and practical and symbolic of industry. It was of gold, and all around the base were beautifully engraved little pictures showing busy white coiffed Dutch maidens, sewing on the wedding robes of the young queen.

A tale told of Oom Paul was that once upon a time many, many years ago he called on a friend whose daughter brought in some cake and wine for her

father and his visitor. Oom Paul, who was young and impressionable in those days, liked the cake so much that he asked who made it. "I did," said the burgher's daughter demurely. "And she makes the best cheese in the town," added her father.

Oom Paul and his wife were a very happy and devoted couple to the end of their lives, so one does not suppose that he fell in love with the cake alone, but one thing is certain, and that is that he married the cakemaker, and even after they were rich and were considered the first family in South Africa, he was fond of boasting of her prowess as a cake maker.



HUMPS ON MEN AND ANIMALS

An interesting study of the origin of animal humps, such as are found on the camel, and a comparison with curious lumps that occur on the neck and shoulders of native porters in Madagascar, which appear to have arisen from analogous causes, has been made by a French writer, M. Devaux, whose paper on the subject, read originally before the Societe de Biologie, is thus noticed in the *Revue Scientifique* (May 21):

"M. Devaux was struck with the hump found on the back of the neck of Malagasy porters. This class of persons is alone affected, and the origin of the tumors may be quite well determined. They consist of large wens, often three in number, one on the neck and one on each shoulder, and due to traumatism. In fact, the Malagasy porters carry two burdens, of almost equal weight, suspended at the ends of a bamboo pole resting on the shoulder at its middle. They walk thus for days with minimum weights of 40 to 60 kilograms (88 to 132 pounds). They change shoulders when tired (which explains the two humps), and for this purpose they slide the pole (which is greased) over the muscles of the neck. Besides this, the bamboo pole, while resting on the shoulder, is always in contact with the neck, which explains why the middle tumor is the largest.

"The mechanism of the formation of humps in the zebra, the bison, and the dromedary, is identical, according to M. Devaux—a curious and interesting analogy. In the zebra and bison the hump is found just at the level of the angle of flexion of the neck on the vertebral column, at the moment when the animal browses—a very pronounced angle, because the neck is relatively short, and the natural tumor, therefore, develops at the exact place where the cellular tissue is compressed by the knotty apophyses of the last cervical vertebrae. In the dromedary the hump in the middle of the back is found at the angle of flexion formed by the vertebral column when the animal kneels, and here also the apophyses form a bony corner which penetrates roughly into the cellular tissue. In all these cases the pressure results in the formation of serous pockets, subcutaneous injury, and the accumulation of serum; only in the animal these wounds are of internal origin, while in man they are external.

"The author should have tried also to give a similar explanation of the double hump of the camel, which is much less

easy to understand. The nutritive reserve which would appear, from the standpoint of natural selection, to be the reason for these humps, may possibly be localized in points that other factors have already indicated. In any case, the animal's hump is hereditary. May it become so in the case of the Malagasy porters?"—*The Literary Digest*.



BOER AND BRITON

As the Fair grows older, that magnificent spectacle, the British-Boer War, is proving one of the greatest drawing cards. It is indeed a great sight, worth any journey to see. There never has been such realistic battle scenes, and that the performances stir up the spectators as they never have been moved by any similar spectacle, is evidenced by the enthusiastic applause showered on the dashing horsemen, the dare-devil artillerists and the brave infantry. So rapt does the ordinary spectator become that it is difficult for him at once to realize that the crack of the rifles, the roar of the cannon and the ominous, steady rattle of the rapid fire pieces, are not evidences of actual strife. The big battles of the Boer-British War are presented with magnificent realism. The tactics of both sides may be studied right on the field at the Fair grounds, and how the Boers failed and the British won in the final test, easily becomes apparent. The trek of the Boers over the hills with their big wagons and cattle, the characteristic Kaffir, who flits about the camps of enemy and friend alike, and the very atmosphere of the field all go to make the picture complete. Besides the show battles, there are other things of great interest in this South African Exhibit Company's display, which tell of life in South Africa and of the progress that has been made since the first Boer trek and their settlement in the wilds surrounded by ferocious tribes and animals. All in all, the show is well worth the price of admission.



A penny saved is frequently a penny that somehow worked down into the lining of your coat.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.



Nothing if not original: Mrs. Smith—"Have you named your twin girls, Lucy?" Lucy—"Yessum; we're

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done name 'em 'Flops'm' an' 'Jeps'm'. Powerful pooty names. Dave, my ol' man, he done got dem names outer de river colyum."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.



NO CHANCE

"They took my money by high-handed methods," complains the victim.

"Tell us about it," we say, realizing that we are in for a tale of woe and that it is best to have it over with.

"There's not much to tell. First, I went up against an ace full, and the rest of my stack went when the other fellow sprung a royal flush on me."—*Judge*.



HIS OPINION

Gunner—Now, there is Dr. Quiller. Is he a good appendicitis physician?

Guyer—Good? Why, say, I wouldn't let him remove the appendix from my dictionary.—*Philadelphia Record*.



A gloomy prospect: "So long as mother is willing that I should marry you," said the sweet thing, "papa can easily be won over." "Er—ah—do the womenfolk always rule in your family?" asked the young man, timidly.—*London Tid-Bits*.

The Mirror

AN EVENING SUIT IN RED DOG

"The first time that evening clothes were seen in Red Dog, Cal., said Allen Kelly, author, traveler and grizzly bear hunter, the other night, "happened in this way: Tom Hyde, the town marshal, had to take a prisoner to Sacramento. After delivering him to the proper authorities, he dropped into a music hall to spend the evening. There he saw what is known on the East side as a 'full dress' suit, and seeing its possibilities at a glance he became desperately enamored of it."

"The next day he went to a clothing store and bought a ready-made swallowtail suit. Upon returning to Red Dog he wore it day and night, and it is needless to say created a sensation. If he hadn't been known as a bad man from Bitter Creek, who always carried two 44-caliber guns, he certainly would have been mobbed or lynched."

"I was stopping in Red Dog at the time, and meeting him one morning in his 'first part suit' as Haverly's Mastodon minstrels used to call it, I said to him: 'Say, Tom, don't you know that those clothes only should be worn in the evening. Why do you wear them all day?'

"Colonel," said Tom, "these are the only clothes I ever saw that I could draw both my guns from my hind pockets at once without getting my d—d coat tails in the way, and I intend to wear them day and night until I cash in."—*New York Times*.



THE WAY HE SAID IT

The young wife sat weeping bitterly.

Her best friend stole softly in and put her arms about her, saying:

"What's the matter, Dolly?"

"Oh, I am so miserable" she wailed. "Well, what has caused it?"

"I—I—I asked Tootsy this m-morning if he w-w-would marry again if I d-d-died, and he—"

"What! Did he tell you he would?"

"Nn-no; that's what the matter He j-j-just looked at me as if I had accused him of b-b-being crazy, and

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said in the awfulest way: "Well, I should say not!" And, oh, Kitty, it was the way he said it—boo-hoo-hoo!—*Baltimore American*.

THE DOCTOR WAS OUT

She was a maid who had been with the doctor for years, and the habitual expressions of those years could not be easily laid aside.

When the doctor died she remained at the house. An old friend of the doctor, who had been abroad and had not heard of his death called and was admitted.

"I would like to see Dr. H." he said. "I'm sorry," said the maid, "but the doctor is dead!"

Stricken by this dread intelligence, the visitor sat silent for some minutes.

After waiting some time the maid ventured timidly:

"Will you—will you—wait?" — *Lippincott's*.



METHOD IN HIS HONESTY

"The book is a marvel," said the publisher enthusiastically. "You had better drop the nom de plume and publish over your own name."

"No," replied the author; "it's money I want, not fame."

"But, my dear sir, you can have fame and money both if you publish over your own name."

"Not much I can't. My wife would know I had the money then."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



TOO LIMITED A SPHERE

"George, we are talking of organizing a home-mending society."

"What's the object?"

"We propose to make a specialty of arbitrating family disputes."

"Do you call that home mending?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, you'd better enlarge your purpose sufficiently to include my socks and the plates Delia broke."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



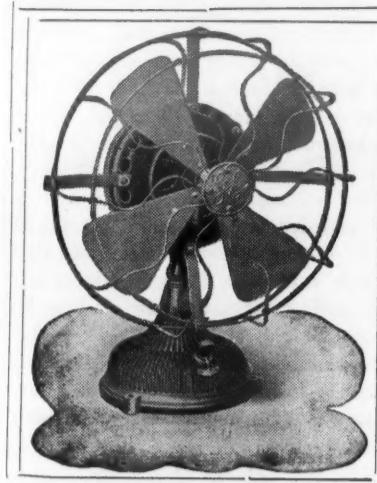
WHITE CROWS

Fuddy—It makes a big difference whose ox is gored. We are apt to look upon things differently when they concern ourselves.

Duddy—Guess that's so, all right. When old Bagstock went crazy Wilby was pleased to remark that the old man was "bug-house." When Wilby's father became demented, Wilby said the old gentleman was suffering from "mental aberration."—*Boston Transcript*.



William Dean Howells spoke highly of Mark Twain at a London dinner-party, and repeated one of his stories as illustrative of his great humor. As Twain had told it to him, there was a great fire, and an old man leaned out of an upper window screaming for help. "Everybody in the crowd seemed paralyzed," said Mark; "no ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burned to death, and if he jumped he would be crushed flat



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Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.

But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man the end. He caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down.



AN ORPHAN DEFINED

The word "orphan" occurred in the Sunday school lesson. Miss Ida W. Stamps asked if any of the boys in the class knew what an orphan was. There was no response. Thinking to help the little fellows to search out the right answer, the teacher said:

"Why, children, I'm an orphan; now, can't you tell me what an orphan is?"

Up went the hand of a little boy.

"All right, Johnnie," said the teacher, "that's a good boy. You tell us what an orphan is."

"An orphan," replied the little fellow, "is a young lady what wants to get married and can't."—*July Lippincott's*.



NECESSARY

A young gentleman who is so unfortunate as to have a slight impediment in his speech recently returned to the old homestead in Connecticut to spend a vacation. His mother remarked to him while at the table:

"Really, Tom, you seem to stammer more since you went to New York than you used to down here in Stonington."

"C-c-certainly, m-m-mother; I h-have to s-s-stammer m-m-more, because y-y-you s-s-see, N-New Y-York's a l-l-larger place!"



Prince Pu Lun and the Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, attended the races at Gravesend early in the month. They were among a group of New Yorkers who were telling dog

stories, when Sir Chentung said: "I am reminded of a Chinese dog story. There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped them, and drove them forth. The next night, when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch, and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore, he gave them another whipping. The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it."



JOLIED

"Before we were married," she complained, "you swore you would go to the ends of the earth for me, and now—."

"And now," he interrupted, "there are no ends of the earth any more than there were then."—*Philadelphia Press*.



Visitor—My good man, why do you wear that hangdog expresion? Is it because of your guilty conscience?

Wicked William — Naw, guv'nor, I acquired it years ago, when I lived in a flat and had a janitor ter deal wid.—*Chicago News*.



THE SOLDIER'S DIET

"General," said the fair vegetarian, "you should abandon the beef diet. Look at the deer. It eats nothing but grass and leaves, and yet it can outrun the hounds for hours."

"Madame, I require food that will prevent my running."—*Detroit Free Press*.



"So Silas was charged with havin' seven wives. Was th' judge severe on him?" "Awful! He discharged him with all seven of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."—*Judge*.

The Mirror

13

MUSIC

"KROEGER'S 'LALLA ROOKH.'

"Lalla Rookh," a suite for orchestra, by Ernest Richard Kroeger, represented the American composer on the programme of the seventh concert by the Exposition Orchestra at Festival Hall. Mr. Kroeger based his composition on Thomas Moore's famous poem, the four scenes selected for illustration in tone being programmed as "The Cavalcade," "Scattering the Roses," "Dance of the Girls of the Pagoda" and "The Wedding Festival." A detailed description and a lively imagination are indispensable to the proper appreciation of programme music, as a rule, but in this set of tone pictures Mr. Kroeger has been unusually successful in making his music vivid and meaningful. His themes are rich in characterization, and in the scoring the St. Louis composer has contrived effects that give his work a most alluring exotic atmosphere.

Mr. Kroeger's music is cerebral, and at times there is apparent in his melodies a lucubratory striving for originality, but he has a fine color sense, and to this is allied an orchestral technique that enables to present with absolute freedom his ideas of the pomp and oriental splendor of the scenes depicted.

Mr. Ernst conducted appreciatively, and his men responded enthusiastically. The beauty of the work is potent and of wide appeal, and an ovation for the composer followed its performance.



EXPOSITION ORGAN RECITALS.

Recent organists at the Fair have been Dr. Gerrit Smith of New York, Mr. Franklin Pierce Fisk of Kansas City, Mr. William J. Gomph of Buffalo, Mr. J. Warren Andrews of New York, Mr. John A. O'Shea of Boston, and Mr. G. H. Fairclough of St. Paul.

Dr Smith is distinctly modern in his treatment of the organ. In color effects, rhythms, alternations of *tempo* he differs materially from the regulation German school organist who sets his registration and goes straight ahead with no varying of time. His recitals were immensely popular, and there is a general demand for his reappearance.

Mr. Fisk's programmes demanded considerable virtuosity, and the ease of his performance was remarkable. He phrases clearly, and gives to each composition its especial characteristics. At all times Mr. Fisk's work was of a high order.

Mr. Gomph's recitals were most enjoyable. He was official organist at the Pan-American Exposition, and thus has had ample opportunity to feel the pulse of exposition audiences. Mr. Gomph determined to give the people what they wanted, and selected a number of brilliant and generally familiar compositions, all of which he interpreted with much skill and spirit. The reception accorded him proved the accuracy of his judgment.

Mr. Andrews is a player of refined, musicianly style. Ecclesiastical music seems best suited to him, but he evidenced due regard for the character of

varied compositions on his well made programmes.

Mr. O'Shea captured his audiences by his brilliant, effective playing. His methods have a "taking" Irish snap and humor, and the sweep and swing of his work atones for his occasional "free treatment" of the composer.

Mr. Fairclough also made himself popular. With a fine technique and a solid organ schooling, he unites a sparkle and vivacity that had its effect on his audiences.

Altogether, organists are becoming more adaptable than they were at the beginning of the series of organ recitals; they seem to realize better what the exposition crowds demand in the way of musical entertainment, and in consequence the people now sit through a complete recital, whereas one number was formerly the limit of endurance of the average visitor to Festival Hall.

Pierre Marteau.



There was a young couple from Crete, Who couldn't stand shoes on their feet. In St. Louis, Mo., they saw Swope's show.

And now they wear shoes wherever they go.



APPROPRIATE NAME

"These," said the proud general, pointing out a splendid looking body of men, "are my airship troops."

"Airship troops," murmured the visitor to the camp; "why such an odd name as that?"

"Because they never fly."



CHANGED THE MONTH

Mrs. Dearborn—Were you married in June?

Mrs. Wabash—Yes, once on the 5th, once on the 8th, once on the 10th, and another time on the 16th; but I've switched off to October; that's my marrying day now. —*Yonkers Statesman*.



THE COURSE OF FASHION

"Are we to make the bricks hereafter without straw?" said Moses to the Egyptian boss.

"Yes," growled the latter; "those bloomin' new Panama hat concerns have gobbled up the whole output."

And Moses sadly withdrew.—*Puck*.



Farmer Trefrog—What makes you think Daniel Webster wuz a smart man?

Farmer Hoptodd—Well, I've been readin' some of his speeches, an' they seem to agree purty thoroughly with Mary Jane's graduatin' essay.



Fred—The girl I'm engaged to is very poor; in fact, she hasn't anything at all."

Joe—That's tough. And she will have still less after she marries you.



"Taint good to be too skeery," said Uncle Eben; "I once knowed a gemmen dat got his mind so tore up 'bout germs an' bacilluses dat he didn't look whah he were goin' an' got run over by a truck."—*Washington Star*.

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WHITE
SEAL
BEER
THE BEER THAT CHEERS

NOT WHAT SHE WANTED

Mrs. A.—I bought some of that mixture the agent said would cure my husband of drinking if I dropped it in his coffee."

Mrs. Z.—Did it cure him of drinking?"

Mrs. A.—"Yes—of drinking coffee."—*Philadelphia Record*.



A HABIT WITH HER

"There goes Mrs. Giddeigh," remarks the woman in the wicker rocker on the porch of the summer hotel. "One hears all sorts of things about her. They say she got acquainted with her husband by flirting with him."

"Humph!" says the sallow lady on the settee. "That's how she got acquainted with mine."—*Judge*.



HADN'T THE GOODS

Louis XIV. had just asserted that he was the state.

"But, my liege lord," ventured his queen, in boarding school French, "you have no capital."

And Lou had to retract the assertion. —*Chicago Journal*.



He—At what time in a girl's life should she be engaged?" *She*—"Just before she is married."—*Yonkers Statesman*.



"Is it true, pa, that storks can fly one hundred miles an hour?" "Well, not in Utah; they have too many stops to make."—*Town Topics*.



"Has Jones an assured reputation as an author?" "Absolutely. Why he says he can now turn out poor work all the rest of his life."—*Life*.



The late Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim, and to test him, said: "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," was the reply. "What are they?" asked the doctor. "The inside and the outside," was the answer.

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A NATURAL QUESTION

"Boss," began the beggar, "won't you help a poor—"

"See here!" interrupted Goodheart, "I gave you some money last week."

"Well, gee whizz! ain't yer earned any more since?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



Mopsy—Dat pitcher ain't no good? Why, say, he can pitch in a coive wot goes out."

Red—Aw, wot's dat? Wait till yer see McFeeter's risin' drop coive."—*Puck*.

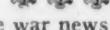


"You must visit our new country club," said the suburbanite; "the grounds are beautiful; the golf links superb. You won't find such scenery elsewhere. On entering the grounds the first thing that strikes your eye—" "I know!" interrupted the city man; "a golf ball!"—*Philadelphia Press*.



Mistress—If you want eggs to keep, they must be laid in a cool place."

Briget—O'll mintion it to the hens at wanst, mum."—*London Tit-Bits*.



"What is the war news this morning?" "As nearly as I can make out the Russians and Japs have had a fierce engagement in which they pied about a column of type."—*Town Topics*.



Editor—We will pay you either at the rate of one dollar per word or five thousand dollars per idea, as you elect."

Distinguished author—The former is —er—the better way, I think."—*Puck*.

DRAMATIC

OLYMPIC'S OPENING.

The opening of the theatrical season of 1904 in St. Louis is to be marked by the best attractions ever seen at any of the local play houses. On Sunday the Olympic Theater, thoroughly overhauled and refreshed with paint and other decorations, will open with that magnificent piece, "Way Down East" as the attraction. This play is too well known to the public to need any further mention. It is one of the old standby's in the United States, and never tires. It is to be strongly presented at the Olympic by the original company, including Miss Phoebe Davies and many other well known lights of the stage. The play is booked for a three weeks' stay here, and the management looks for unprecedented business. Patrons of the Olympic will enjoy the performance without any discomfort, for should the hot weather return, the house will be cooled by a number of electric fans.

LOUISIANA AT DELMAR.

The ninth week of "Louisiana" at Delmar Garden finds this magnificent spectacular production still increasing in favor with the great crowds that assemble at this beautiful spot. The managers have shown good judgment and taste throughout in the added specialties of the great piece, and the latest of these, the songs of Miss Zelma Rawlston and Miss Grace Lillian Malser have been received with great satisfaction by the audiences. "Louisiana" has been a progressive attraction in all respects, and so well pleased are the managers that the one hundredth performance is



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THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

St. Louis is to have another big theatrical treat. Theater goers will see the much admired and talked of Blanche Bates in the famous Belasco production, "The Darling of the Gods." This piece will be the opener for 1904 at the Imperial Theater, the first performance to be given Sunday evening next. "The Darling of the Gods" comes to the Imperial for an indefinite stay, and it will mark a new departure in the character of the attractions at this theater. The play has a Japanese setting, and while it is spectacular in character, loses nothing of the artistic. It was presented in all the large cities of the East last season, and was well received.

KIRALFY'S "LOUISIANA."

Kiralfy's "Louisiana" at the Odeon continues to please and even to amaze the audiences that fill the pretty Grand avenue play house. Mr. Kiralfy has made many additions and alterations to the piece that tend to increase its interest and add to its magnitude. These changes that are being worked in almost nightly, never fail to find appreciative auditors and spectators, and they certainly testify to the ingenuousness of Mr. Kiralfy. The radium dance has become one of the delightful, as well as weird features of the great piece, and the entrance of Mr. Lane, the Indian chief, through the bottom of the stage mid lightning and thunder, and other lurid effects, is a startling and notable change worked into the production. Other features are forthcoming, for Mr. Kiralfy has many in mind, and the big production will not fail to keep up the interest it has already inspired.

AT THE STANDARD.

The Night Owls have kept the Standard audiences in the very best of humor all week, and there were few, if any, vacant seats in the theater. The specialties of Wesson, Walters and Wesson in a skit, "The Bunch of Trouble," Pattie Carney in several new catchy songs; Jennings, the cane manipulator; Morrissey and Montrose, the comedians; Dacey and Chase, "the ink comedians," proved to be among the best seen at the Standard during the season. Commencing Sunday, the attraction will be "The Innocent Maids." This company has a large bunch of clever entertainers.

The best bookings of the season are yet to come at Forest Park Highlands. This week's array of talent is a guarantee, that Col. Hopkins is saving his choice morsels for the last of the summer months. The bill is enjoyable from beginning to end and cannot be duplicated in any one vaudeville house in the country. The Four Rianos, Rappo Sisters, York and Adams, Raymond and Caverley and Rostow are all of the head-liner sort. Next week's program is headed by the Marco Twins, the funny English eccentrics, whose "Voyage to Switzerland" was famous some years

The Mirror



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CONSCIENTIOUS

Mrs. Greene—"You had your husband's sister at dinner last Sunday, as usual. I should think she'd be ashamed of herself, allowing you to slave all day for her."

Mrs. Black—"Oh, she is a very conscientious about it. After she has eaten her dinner and is ready to go she always lectures me upon my disregard of the Lord's Day."—*Boston Transcript*.



The doctor—"Have you taken a wine-glass of whiskey every two hours as directed?" The patient—"Yah, toctor, und I haf also took a schooner of peer efery fifteen minutes, aber id dont seem to done me no goot."—*Brooklyn Life*.



REASON ENOUGH

"For goodness' sake, Dorothy," exclaimed mamma impatiently, "why do you talk so much?"

"I guess," replied the little girl, "it's because I've got so much to say."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

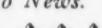


NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE

Rodrick—Yes, the doctor wrote on that card when he was coming to take my pulse.

Van Albert—Indeed! I thought the word was "Purse."

Rodrick—Well, it'll all be the same thing.—*Chicago News*.



AMENTIES

Miss Bragg—"Mr. Hansom called to see me last Tuesday evening."

Miss Snappe—"Yes, I told him I wouldn't be home that evening."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



MIGHT HAVE

Justice—"Have I ever seen you before?"

Offender—"Can't say, yer honor, shouldn't wonder, though. I've been in pretty hard company all my life."—*Boston Transcript*.



A NEW TERM

Giffle—Yes, Sniffkins is what I call a Japanese drinker.

Spinks—A Japanese drinker? What do you mean by that?

Giffle—Oh, he takes something most every day.



QUITE NECESSARY

"Yes," chuckled the president of the get-rich-quick company. "I am shearing lambs." "Indeed!" replied the friend. "Then you must be a shepherd. Where is your crook?" "Oh, he's in the other room—my partner, you know."—*Philadelphia Record*.



"I guess Mr. Olden doesn't feel as young as he did several months ago," remarked the observant man. "Why do you think so?" "He used to joke with that undertaker who lives near him, but he doesn't do it any more,"—*Ex.*

Mr. Knox gave up a \$70,000 law practice to accept an \$8,000 Cabinet portfolio, and now gives up the \$8,000 portfolio for a \$5,000 senatorship. If he keeps on at this rate Mr. Knox will soon be one of us.—*Kansas City Journal*.



Used to it; Tommy was visiting a neighbor's. At dinner the hostess apologized to him because the table linen was soiled at his plate. "Oh, that's nothing," he assured her, promptly; "ours is worse'n that at home."—*Brooklyn Life*.

NEW BOOKS

Many stories have been written around the Louisiana Purchase incident of American history, but it remained for Mrs. Mary C. Dillon, a St. Louisan of much literary skill, to produce the best. To St. Louisans "The Rose of Old St. Louis" will particularly appeal, but this does not mean that the story is destined to be provincial. On the contrary, it will be read and appreciated wherever the love of liberty and American ideals and character prevail. It is a real good love story of the historical order, it is true, but not overdone. It is well told, and the romantic plot is deftly woven into the historical fabric, which in itself contains many facts that are rareties and was built up, after prolonged research and careful study of records and books. A faithful and lively picture is presented of life in St. Louis, 100 years ago, and the ancestors of nearly all the old and prominent families are again brought into action by the author. Scenes in Paris and Washington are also presented with all the glamour of courtliness and colonial times and such historical personages as Napoleon, Talleyrand, Marbois, President Thomas Jefferson, Generals Lewis and Clark, Black Hawk, the Sac Indian chief, and Chevalier Le Mayne, participate in the plot. It is the latter who is pitted against the young American lover of the beautiful *Pelagie, Dr. Saugrain's* ward, and, who despite the backing of the mighty Napoleon and Indian allies, meets ignominious failure. "The Rose of Old St. Louis" is a story that improves with each page, and gives promise of having a great vogue. It is handsomely illustrated by Relyea and the work of the publishers. The Century Co., of New York, is of their usual high order. The price per copy is \$1.50.



A country preacher gave this advice to a young woman bent on matrimony: "When you marry him, love him. After you marry him, study him. If he is honest, honor him. If he is generous, appreciate him. When he is sad, cheer him. When he is cross, amuse him. When he is talkative, listen to him. When he is quarrelsome, ignore him. If he is slothful, spur him. If he is noble, praise him. If he is confidential, encourage him. If he is secretive, trust him. If he is jealous, cure him. If he care naught for pleasure, coax him. If he favors society, accompany him. If he does you a favor, thank him. When he deserves it, kiss him: Let him think how well you understand him; but never let him know that you 'manage' him."



DOWIE'S LARGE FOLLOWING

The Prophet of Zion City was making a flying visit out of Australia.

"See how enthusiastically they are following me!" he exclaimed, as he turned his head to take a fleeting glance behind him.

Sprinting still harder, however, he managed to keep a block or two in advance of his maddened followers.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

The native-born American woman has been made the subject of discussion almost *ad nauseum*, indeed it would be a matter for no surprise if she were to regard herself as a being apart. Her energy, her brightness, and resourcefulness has been lauded to such an extent that it might well be believed that the women of other countries cannot be considered in the same category with her. This, too, is true as far as it goes, and in many qualities the American woman stands supreme. Unfortunately, she fails in the most important one of all, that of maternity, and fails in consequence of her cultivation to excess of those attributes which her cultivation are generally thought not to be within a woman's province. Her physical powers suffer in proportion as her mental powers increase, and as a propagator of the race she cannot compete with women of stronger bodies, but of less highly-trained brains.

Dr. Emil Reich, a German, who lived for five years in this country, has recently written on this matter in a British periodical. He draws attention to the fact that one outcome of the over-mentalization of the American woman, and the hypergalvanization of her energy, is the breakdown of American maternity, which he regards as one of the most serious phenomena which cloud the future of the United States. The writer points out that America relies for the increase of its population on a continuous flow of alien immigration, without which the population would have become already stationary, and would, in the future, assuredly decline. He goes on to show that in the past many a prosperous nation has been brought to ruin by its women—Rome, for instance—and likewise recalls that the Spartan married woman, a typical example of defeminization in the worst sense, contributed at least as much, or more, to the downfall of her country as the hetæræ to the collapse of Athens. Although there is little fear that American women will ruin their country, the relative unproductiveness of the native-born American woman is much to be deplored.—*Medieval Mirror*.



BETWEEN TWO EVILS

Mamma—"Why, Johnny, aren't you ashamed of yourself to come into the house with such dirty hands?"

Johnny—"I'm going right out again, mamma, and I'd be awfully ashamed to be seen by the boys with clean hands."—*Boston Transcript*.



Little 'Un—"How is your new chafeur getting along?"

The Motoress—"Oh, famously; since he has been with me he has run over seven dogs, five cats, nine children, two policemen, three old women and sixteen fowls and ducks, and hopes to make his century before Labor Day."—*Boston Traveler*.



Tired Bopp—I see de Prohibitionists have a campaign fund of \$40,000.

Weary Bipp—Gee! How many beers would dat buy?

The Mirror

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GOOD ALL SUMMER

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CHICAGO & ALTON

ADMIRAL DEATH

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
And here's to Admiral Death!
He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
He's fought in a thousand kinds o' boat,
He's the senior flag of all that float,
And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service free?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
The rules of the service are but three
When ye sail with Admiral Death.
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls,
"Ay, ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him among the rest?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
By the glint of the stars that cover his
breast
Ye may find Admiral Death.
By the forehead grim with an ancient
scar,
By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
By the tenderest eyes of all that are,
Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)

Their bones are white by many a shore,
They sleep with Admiral Death!
Oh! but they loved him, young and old,
For he left the laggard and took the bold
And the fight was fought, and the story's
told,

And they sleep with Admiral Death.
—Henry Newbolt..

ONE LANGUAGE TOO MANY

"What is the matter with that college professor?"
"Didn't like him," answered the man
who endows universities.
"But he had a fine knowledge of the
dead languages."
"Yes. But he was so unfortunate as
also to have an acquaintance with Eng-
lish, which constantly tempted him to
publish erratic statements in the news-
papers."—*Washington Star*.



TO THE POINT

"What business are you in?" asked the
hard-featured passenger.

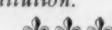
"I?" replied Mr. Pompus. "I am a
gentleman, sir."

That so? Haven't been workin' at it
long, have ye?"—*Philadelphia Press*.



NO CHANCE TO WORK

"In winter it's too cold ter work," said
the colored philosopher, "an' in summer
de sun's des hot enough fer sleepin'."—*Atlanta Constitution*.



"Ah," said the domestic-looking man
"you really don't know what happiness
is if you haven't children. No home
can be—" "But who said I hadn't any
children," the lady interrupted. "Oh—
why'er—nobody; but I thought I
heard you say you lived in New York."
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Mirror

THE WHISTLING GIRL

If the old rhyme repeated so often to us when we were little and tomboyish by nurses who wanted to make us "ladylike" embodies a truth, there are many modern maidens who will surely come to a "sad end," like the crowing hen.

For the modern girl whistles. Whistling is a serious avocation just now, and not the flippant pursuit that the gamin and the thoughtless have always made it seem. To be an up-to-date whistler the pretty girl has much more to do than merely to pucker her lips into a distracting O and blow. Her teacher writes exercises for her; the range from the simple scale to arpeggios, chromatics (one of the most difficult performances for the novice in whistling) embellishments, cadenzas, and bits of the most florid music from the operatic composers.

It was not so many years ago that the art of whistling was supposed to belong exclusively to man, but the San Francisco girl has decided that she can meet him on his own ground, and whistle him down in the encounter. The one teacher of the city, herself accounted one of the most flutelike whistlers known, has her days full in "trying whistles," and in telling people just where their "power-house" lies for making a good, full, round tone that the birds might envy. What the student finds is that the big "W" which stands for whistling stands also for work.

To become a good whistler the aspirant must possess at the outset a musical temperament and a true ear, or if she has not the latter her sense of sound and tone must be carefully trained. While the whistle is possibly not so dignified as the human voice, it has the advantage of being more reliable, for it never takes a cold.

The study of whistling has the advantage of being just now, like love and golf, a pursuit in which the comments of the outsider do not count to the devotee. Sometimes the comments in well-regulated households where mademoiselle may be heard whistling all hours of the day grow to be audibly uncomplimentary. But the young lady resumes her warbling, sure that she is doing the proper thing, and that the more she whistles the better whistle she will have. Often she may be found with a mirror before her, making sure that she has the proper pucker, after the fashion of her sister, the singer. Again, she spends hours practising the trill, which is a hard thing for whistlers to acquire. And then there are whistles, just like voices, which naturally have the tremolo quality too strongly developed, and it is difficult to eradicate it, and to know when to trill and when not to trill.

When the whistler practises her exercises after meals she is receiving a double benefit, for there is something about a well-rounded whistle that sets the digestion apparatus to work in the most natural and beneficial manner. A half-hour's whistling after meals is recommended by those who know as

being a better cure for indigestion than all the pepsin and pills on the market.

The would-be whistler may find comfort in knowing that while most persons with a "natural whistle" are born and not made, only perseverance is needed to enable any one to acquire a pleasing degree of excellence in the art. The first requisite is to find the whistle. To do this a girl should get her brother to whistle, and study the way he puckers his lips. She should put her fingers on the cords of his throat and feel them swell as he forces the notes out. The first weak pipe will soon develop into a full note. The next step should be a piano and a teacher to take the whistler all the way from middle C to the scales, and later through almost anything she makes up her mind to whistle. An essential thing is to acquire complete control of the breath by deep breathing, with the diaphragm as a "powerhouse." Another is absolute throat control, and will be found not hard to learn. Active agents governing the whistle entirely are the fine muscles on the inner edge of the lower lip. The high note is produced with the lips tightly compressed or puckered, and the lower the note with more open pucker. Practise in whistling should be regular and not too long at a time. Too much one day and not enough another is likely to weaken the whistle.

The human whistle is pitched an octave higher than the soprano voice. But girls have an equal chance with boys, because the male and female whistle have practically the same quality and pitch. Remember all these things and listen to your teacher; then, if you have a mouth well shaped, good teeth, a musical temperament, a lot of perseverance, and capacity for work, you should become a good whistler. The maiden who desires a bow-shaped mouth cannot do better than to learn to whistle and practise faithfully the necessary muscle-developing exercises. Many singers when they wish to rest their voice and still to retain the flexibility of the throat muscles and breathing apparatus take up whistling.

A number of physicians have made the statement that "if people would whistle more there would be fewer cases of weak lungs." The development of the neck and chest of the whistler is wonderful, indeed, and if physicians in charge of consumptives would insist on a whistling exercise three or four times a day, accompanied by a walk where the patient is able, it might result in as much benefit as a course in physical training.

The field for whistling offers perhaps greater advantage for women than for men who can whistle well, in that they are more of a novelty than men whistlers, and make a more pleasing appearance. The art is especially suited for entertaining in the drawing-room and on the concert and vaudeville stage. In New York it has recently been introduced—as a part of divine services in churches. Such melodies as Schumann's "Traumerei" and Mendelssohn's "Flower Song" have been whistled during the offertory in var-



"Business, not books, is St. Louis' parlor-wall motto to-day; success, not society, is its slogan; independence, not elegance, is its war cry."

AINSLEE'S

A MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

For August, Now Ready

Contains an article of very great importance to the people of St. Louis and their visitors. It is a witty and interesting description of

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF ST. LOUIS

By a society leader who tells the truth about it.

"St. Louis is a city of 'Places.' Residential sections with reservations and restrictions are said to be more numerous and more elegant in this city than in any other American town."

ious New York churches by Miss Louise Truax, who had an ambition to whistle in church and believes that the day will come when such use of the human whistle will no longer be considered a novelty. In some public schools, notably in Philadelphia, exercises in whistling form a part of the musical education of the pupils.

The whistler, as well as the singer, must know something of the fineness and delicacy of "phrasing," and how to blend the whistle harmoniously with a number of instruments. Two whistles may give duets agreeably, and a quartet is often a success. As an obbligato to a song, particularly one with a bird call, the whistle is the sweetest of accompaniments. The piano is the usual accompaniment for whistling, but the whistle may be exceedingly sweet

in combination with the violin, harp, mandolin, and the guitar or lute.



PICNIC HORROR

"Oh, I'm so tired!" panted the girl in the pink shirtwaist, flopping down on the grass. "And I've lost all my handkerchiefs."

"Will a handkerchief rest you?" asked the young man with the tennis shoes, extending his own.

"No, but a napkin," she said, closing her eyes sleepily.

At which the ants attacked the lunch baskets even more savagely than before.

—*Chicago Tribune*.



Passing Lady—"Are you looking for a nurse girl for your little sister?"

Smart Boy—"Naw! I'm looking for a chaperon."—*Chicago News*.

The Mirror

17

WHY HE STAYED AT HOME

Mrs. Granger looked at her suburban neighbor, and decided that a person with such a becoming hat must be in a state of vanity to need chastening of spirit.

"Isn't it a real trial to have Mr. Joyce so devoted to the new club?" she said, in a soft tone fraught with tender sympathy. "Mr. Granger, of course, likes the club, and we go sometimes, but he'd just as soon sit quietly at home with me, evening after evening."

"It's lovely for you," said Mrs. Joyce, and the face under the becoming hat was sweet and guileless; "but then, you know, the two men have always been different ever since they were boys together. Mr. Joyce always wants a good deal of pleasure and entertainment, whereas Mr. Granger has never cared for anything of the sort."



THE CHEERFUL IDIOT

"When the prettiest girl of the town," began the Cheerful Idiot, "goes to the beach and gets so sunburned that the skin comes off her face and arms, what part of a church service does that shedding performance represent?"

Everybody ate on in silence and paid not a particle of attention to the question.

"Why," said the Cheerful Idiot, as if they had all taken the liveliest interest in his question, "the pealing of the bell, of course."—*Baltimore American*.



Baron Alphonse Rothschild, the most patriotic of Frenchmen, issued a notice, during the Franco-Prussian War, that he would present a handsome sum of money to any Jewish soldier in the French army who might capture a German flag. Such a capture was made, and in due course the soldier came up for the promised reward. After he had received it, Baron Alphonse invited the soldier into his private room, and asked him to relate in detail the glorious episode. "Well, Mgr. le Baron, it was this way," said the hero; "the German soldier who carried the flag was also one of us, so we did it on the joint account."



DIDN'T KNOW BARKIS

Candidate—"Now, in regard to that office, all I have to say is this, 'Barkis is willin'!"

Henchman—"Well, 't's just this way, Bill. If you want the office, you kin have it; but I don't know nuthin' about Barkis, an' what's more, the boys ain't goin' to support him nor no other outsider."



A DINNER ON HIM

"Glad to meet you," said the polite cannibal chief to the new missionary; "I shall expect to see more of you to-morrow. We dine at high noon." "Er—thanks, awfully. I shall be delighted—" "Not at all. The pleasure will be all mine, I assure you."—*Ex.*



"Tell me, Mr. de Witt, how would you define a work of fiction?" "Oh, any of those books that says, 'They were married and lived happy ever after.'"—*Ex.*

A FRIENDLY TIP

Two booksellers were riding to town recently on an electric car, and were reading "shop" gossip in the newspapers. A sporty-looking man sat just behind them.

"Now, this paper," said the first bookseller, turning to his friend, "places 'Magnetic North' first, 'Rebecca' second, and—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sporting man, eagerly, "excuse me for chipping in, but as I've followed this game for years I know what I am saying. That paper you hold is a pure fake. There are no such horses running; take my word for it."—*Tid-Bits*.



LOG CABIN PHILOSOPHY

Spite of all de bright sunshine in dis worl' some mens will go roun' huntin' fer happiness wid a candle.

No matter how long the sermon is, it's better dan de trouble of de outside worl's w'ich is ten mile longer.

Don't trouble yo'se'f 'bout whar de worl's gwine to, but how is you gwine ter git thoo' it?—*Atlanta Constitution*.



Roberts—Mrs. Swift seems quite taken with the animals.

Bobberts—Yes, she married one.—*Chicago News*.



PICNIC HORROR

"Oh, I'm so tired!" panted the girl in the pink shirt waist, flopping down on the grass. "And I've lost all my handkerchiefs."

"Will a handkerchief rest you?" asked the young man with the tennis shoes, extending his own.

"No, but a nap kin," she said, closing her eyes sleepily.

At which the ants attacked the lunch basket even more savagely than before.—*Chicago Tribune*.



OUT OF SIGHT

"I thought you said there were no mosquitoes around here," said the gentleman from the city.

"Mere trick o' the trade," responded the proprietor of the Central House. "You won't see none in a few days, though."

"Got some scheme to exterminate them?"

"Nope. Chances air they'll bite you till yer eyes swell shut."—*Indianapolis Star*.



PROOF POSITIVE

"Don't you think you devote too much time to money considerations?"

"No" answered Senator Sorghum; "I take great pride in looking on our country as the wealthiest and most prosperous of nations."

"Certainly."

"And in order to make sure that all of this wealth is present. I've got to get some of it into my own hands."—*Washington Star*.



Lamb—"You understand what a margin is, don't you?" *Mrs. Lamb*—"Oh, yes. That's the money you put up and loose."—*Puck*.

The Mirror

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RACES—RACES

TWO VIEW POINTS

Willie—"Ma, what is an 'affair'?"

Ma—"It all depends, my son. To me it means a social function; to your father it means a flirtation."—*Philadelphia Press*.



THE WAY SHE PLAYED

Nell—"I'm so fond of music that I just want to play the piano awfully every time I see one."

Bess—"Yes, I've noticed you play it that way when you play at all."—*Chicago News*.



PERSISTENCY

Lives of babies oft remind us

That our lives would be less rough,
And we'd win our heart's desires,
If we'd holler long enough.

—*Cleveland Leader*.



In a recent issue of the London Times

was printed this advertisement: "The late Mr. Herbert Spencer's lady housekeeper desires to meet with a similar position. Highest references. Address, etc."

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THE

NIGHT

OWLS

INNOCENT

MAIDS

ON PARISIAN BOULEVARDS

(By a Correspondent.)

I have the misfortune to live near a fire station, and, much as I admire the Paris fireman, I find him an intolerable nuisance this hot weather. You must know that in Paris the fire engines, escapes, hose carts, etc., are provided with a horn a hundred times more stentorian than that of the noisiest automobile. Whenever one of them leaves the station every person in every house a mile around is bound to know it; the discordant, monotonous, and incessant "Pa-poum, pa-poum," is warranted to rouse the Seven Sleepers. No afternoon siesta is possible within range of a fire engine horn, while at night it positively creates a panic.

The worst of it all is that in Paris it seems absolutely impossible to do anything without the assistance of the fireman. I should not wonder if out of the hundred calls eighty at least have nothing at all to do with fires. If a water or gas main bursts you send for the fireman. If a man falls down a well or a horse sticks its leg in a drain you send for the firemen. When Santos Dumont's balloon catches on a housetop, when a cellar is flooded, when an old building tumbles down with a crash, you send for the firemen. In Paris when you want to know the time you shouldn't ask a policeman. The fireman is a regular Jack-of-all-trades, and should be summoned in every emergency. His latest duty is to catch madmen who, armed with a revolver, seek refuge on the roof. At any rate that was the pleasant little job on hand the other day. The hot weather had turned the head of a young Russian student who began disporting himself on the tiles potting away with his revolver at the people in the street below. When he had expended his ammunition he coolly let himself down on a projecting cornice, and there drew a sketch book and pencil from his pocket. He was busy drawing when the firemen lassoed him from above.

As for the policeman, his chief business is to cut down mad dogs with his bayonet, make costermongers move on, and prevent people from turning the

seats on the boulevards and in the parks into bedrooms. Like his London colleague, the Paris sergeant de ville is not too hard hearted when he comes across a gentleman in evening dress who wants to make a night of it in the gutter or on a doorstep. The other night a "guardian of the peace" of my acquaintance came across such a gilded youth on a seat in the Champs-Elysees. He was fast asleep and when aroused took some time to realize where he was. When the truth dawned upon him he methodically felt in all his pockets. "Pocket-book gone, of course," he said, "purse gone, of course, and watch also, of course." Then he came to the ticket pocket of his coat, from which he drew out two francs. This find somewhat astounded him, but after considering the matter he broke out into a loud laugh and exclaimed: "Officer, we are politest nation on earth, and our pickpockets are full of good breeding and delicacy. They have robbed me of everything, but notice their politeness. They've carefully put these two francs in my pocket for a cab to take me home!"

The young fellow who waxed so enthusiastic over the delicacy of those who robbed him would have spoken of French politeness with still greater pride had he been at Maxim's, the fashionable resort in the Rue Royale, the other evening. A multi-millionaire from over the seas was entertaining a supper party, the guests including all the shining lights of the "demi-monde." This man of wealth was helping the fair one on his right when he let the entire contents of a sauce-boat fall on her dress. Screams, shouts, tears, hysterics. The host calmly called for silence and asked, "How much did that dress cost you?"

"Fifteen hundred francs," replied the damsel, who was sharp enough to increase the amount in the hope of making a fair margin of profit. "All right," retorted the other, "here's the money. The dress is now mine, so you can stop your caterwauling." Thinking the opportunity too good to be lost, the "demi-mondaine" now deplored the ruin of her underskirt. "How much the underskirt?" says the other. "Eight hundred francs." The money was again forthcoming, but the millionaire did not like to be done, and he claimed that his newly acquired property should be immediately handed over to him. The damsel, retired, and returned with the garments in question on her arm. Then she asked: "Seeing that you are so generous, how much will you give for the rest?" The host eyed her up and down with calm and perfect composure, and then disdainfully replied: "A dollar, and even then I shouldn't have my money's worth!"



AT THE HASH HOUSE

Guest—"I want a good porterhouse steak."

Waiter—"Gents that order porterhouse steaks are required to make a deposit, sir."—*Chicago Tribune*.



Love in a cottage is all right, maybe, but love in a palace is more fun."—*Somerville Journal*.

The Mirror

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OLD TIME FLOWERS

Flowers that flourished in grandmother's garden are the fashion now. Folks who are staying in town, either from choice or necessity, are ordering hollyhocks, larkspur, phlox, thrift, marigolds and the like for decorations, and the gardens about the big country places are filled with blossoms that bring back childhood's days.

The old-time flowers have many things in their favor. First of all, they are cheap, for they are easily cultivated. Then they are thoroughly decorative and, almost without exception, possess a pungent, telling odor that speaks of the earth.

"Another thing in their favor," as a florist argued, "is the lasting quality. By adding fresh water and a bit of salt flowers will hold their form, color and fragrance for a week or more."

"Then, a few of these flowers go such a long way. Americans are at last learning the art of arranging flowers properly. What could be more hideous than formal bouquets of flowers here and there in a house?

"In Japan the art of arranging flowers is taught in manuals just as we teach the multiplication table here. Every girl there at a very tender age begins this study. Each day her task is to change the flowers in every room in the house. They fully appreciate the beauty of the solitude in floral decorations, and I will never forget the expression on a high Japanese official's face when he came into my shop just after landing in this country and saw the bouquets for a bride and her six maids. I could almost see the cold chills chasing one another up and down his spine."

"In Japan one sees a single iris, a sin-

gle peony, a stalk of azalea, one blossoming branch of the cherry, or a few bright green leaves in the beautiful vases hanging from their polished posts. One never sees a lot of flowers of this, that and the other kind pushing and crowding each other in the same vase."

"The old-time garden flowers so much the rage now do not lend themselves happily to this cruel crowding, and so I say they are a good fashion, in the aesthetic sense of the term."



There is a professional fisherman in Tipperary who kills many pike during the winter months, for which he finds ready sale in the town. He had one customer who was in the habit of so beating him down in price that he felt justified in resorting to somewhat questionable means to increase the weight of his fish. In the manner of the winner of the stakes in the celebrated "Jumping Frog" sporting event, he would introduce some weighty substance into their interior, stones, bits of iron railing, etc. Once he went so far as to stuff two old handless flatirons he had picked from a refuse heap down the gullet of one before taking it to his customer, who, having weighed it carefully, and after much haggling paid him a fraction less per pound for it than he might have perhaps obtained elsewhere.

Meeting him next day, he was instantly aware that there was trouble in the wind by the opening remark, "What do you feed pike on, Paddy?" "Och and indade, your honor, but there's mighty little that comes amiss to them lads," he answered; "frogs and fish, sticks and stones they like well, but they would give their two eyes for flatirons."

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FEW BLONDES INSANE

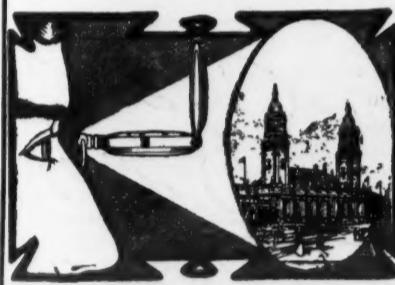
It is said that only four per cent. of the inmates of the insane asylums of the United States are blondes, and only two per cent, have blue eyes. Figures obtained from 68 asylums, located in nearly every state in the Union, and a few in Canada and England, show that the number of patients in these institutions is 16,512, of whom 703 have light hair, and only 66 red or auburn locks. In other words, ninety-six per cent. of the inmates are brunettes, with black or brown hair, the latter in varying shades. In one asylum in New England, there is not a single inmate who is not a brunette. A peculiar feature about the facts is that the percentage of those regarded as incurably insane is much greater among the blondes, than among the brunettes. The totals show that among the dark-haired inmates only fifty-three per cent. are marked hopelessly insane, while among the blondes eighty-one per cent. are put in this category, and only three among the red haired patients escaped the same classification.

He—"After I am out of college, darling, I may have to wait a few months before I can make enough to support you." She—"It is so hard to wait." He (bravely)—"I know it. But, of course, you know the world doesn't know anything about me yet."—*Brooklyn Life.*



A late story of Irish wit is located in New Orleans. An Irishman boarded a train in which every seat except one was occupied by two people. This seat had as occupants a young sport and a

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large, shaggy dog. The Irishman stood by the seat, expecting that room would be made for him. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded the other, who was poorly dressed, with ill-disguised scorn. At last the Irishman remarked: "That's a foine looking dog ye have with ye. What breed is it?" It's a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," was the sneering answer. "Sure, then, it's a relative of both of us," was the instant retort.



MORTIFYING THOUGHT

The gallant yacht rose and fell with the waves.

Most of the passengers had sought the seclusion of the cabin.

One of them, however, absorbed in thought, stood near the bow, talking to himself.

A soft voice at his elbow broke in upon his reverie.

"I see you are a good sailor, Mr. Murgatroyd," it said.

"Is it possible, Miss Trevannion," he exclaimed, a blush of vexation and confusion mantling his cheek, "that you overheard me swearing."



FIGURING THE CHANCES

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "I have made an investment."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I think it is a very good one, too. I've bought a ticket for a piano that is going to be raffled off."

"How many chances are there?"

"A thousand. That's what decided me. When there are so many chances as that one ought to stand a real good show, oughtn't one, Charley, dear?"—*Washington Star.*



A FLATTERING COMPARISON

"So you think you are a neglected genius?"

"I'm sure of it," said the solemn citizen.

"Perhaps you have hidden your light under a bushel."

"No, it isn't that. But you must bear in mind that the star Arcturus, which is really many times as large as one sun, does not produce as much of a public impression as a bicycle lamp."—*Minneapolis Times.*



FORCED TO THAT CONCLUSION

Caller—"You never play the violin in public. I presume, then, you do it solely for your own amusement."

Host—"I'm afraid I do. From certain remarks dropped by the neighbors, I have been led to think it doesn't amuse them at all."—*Chicago Tribune.*



Hicks—"I understand the man who invented the fountain pen made a great fortune out of it." Wicks (who has used one)—"Suppose he did? What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Catholic Standard.*



In a little bayou an old darkey's flat-bottom canoe was shelved on a mud bank. The mud was too deep for him to get out and push, and he got madder



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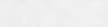
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and madder. In his exasperation he saw a woman stooping down at the landing some yards above to fill her pail from the stream. "Get out o' dat!" he called out, angrily; "ef ye takes a drop outen dis vere bayou till I gits afloat agin, I'll mek ye pay fer it ef I hev ter wade ashore do it!"



The Scientific American describes a new "loop the loop" feature which a German (Bottner of Berlin) has devised. His loop consists of a double turn; after nearly completing the first loop, his narrow wooden path describes a smaller circle within the large one, about which the performer is whirled before he reaches the end of his perilous gyrations. Needless to say, this complica-

tion adds materially to the danger of an already extremely dangerous performance. Bottner has built a "double loop" in an open lot in the southeastern section of Berlin, where he now practices daily.



"How long have you been married?" asked the prima donna. "Only six months this time," replied the beautiful soubrette; "but putting them all together I suppose I've been a wife for three or four years at least."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



"I'll never marry," said Miss Passay, with emphasis. "Perhaps not," replied Miss Snapp, "but you certainly have put up a gallant fight."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Mirror

A BIRTH THEY EXPECTED

Little 3-year-old William Bryans had long wished for a baby at his home. One winter day he said to his mother, "Mamma, where to babies come from? Where did Aunt Jennie get little baby Allen?" His mother explained to him that God sent the babies, and if he so much wanted a little baby he must ask God, so that night he ended his usual prayer with a petition for a tiny little baby.

"It will be here when we awake in the morning, won't it, mamma?"

"No, William, God won't send it so soon; it is cold and we will wait until it gets warm and the leaves come out on the trees, and the grass gets green, and the flowers come, then God will send it."

Now of all this conversation the father was ignorant, and what was his consternation when one day in early spring William was standing by the window and suddenly exclaimed:

"Look, papa, over there the grass is coming up all green; pretty soon God will say, 'It's time for Bryans' baby.'"

—From *Lippincott's*.



HIS PRAYER GAUGE

Governor A. P. Montague of Virginia is a good story teller as well as a wise and progressive chief magistrate, says the New York *Mail*. At Hampton Institute he compared the never-failing sense of justice between man and man to the unchanging north star, and told a story of a sagacious old slave in the "year of the falling star."

The negro was on a plantation on an island in the Rappahannock river. On the night of the most terrific meteoric shower the negroes were all assembled on the shore, weeping, shouting and, above all, praying vociferously. But one old slave, Uncle Caesar by name, off at one side under a pine tree, was making no sound and uttering no prayer. He had rigged a sort of squint with a pole, and had it trained on a point in the skies.

By any by one of the other negroes came along and said: "Uncle Caesar, ain't it 'bout time you begun to pray?" "Not yet," said Caesar; "I got my pole p'nted at te no'th star, an' when dat ar' begins to fizzle an' fool den I'm gwine ter git down an' pray—not before!"



ANOTHER KIND

"Before we were married," she sobbed, "you said my cheek was like a flower."

"Yes," he answered cruelly, "but I did not suppose it was the sort of flower that tears convert into paste." —*Harvard Lampoon*.



THE WAY HE SAID IT

The young wife sat weeping bitterly. Her best friend stole softly in and put her arms about her, saying:

"What's the matter, Dolly?

"Oh, I am so miserable," she wailed. "Well, what has caused it?"

"I—I—I asked Tootsy this m-m-morning if he w-w-would marry again if I d-d-d-died, and he—"

"What! Did he tell you he would?"

"N-n-n-no, that's what's the matter. He j-j-just looked at me as if I had accused him of b-b-being cr-cr-crazy, and said in the awfulest way, 'Well, I should say not!' And oh, Kitty, it was the way he said it—boo-hoo-hoo!" —*Baltimore American*.



Gunner—Yes, submarine boats are very popular of late years. Soon the navies of the world will be under water.

Guyer—Yes; I guess Russia's will be the first.—*Chicago News*.

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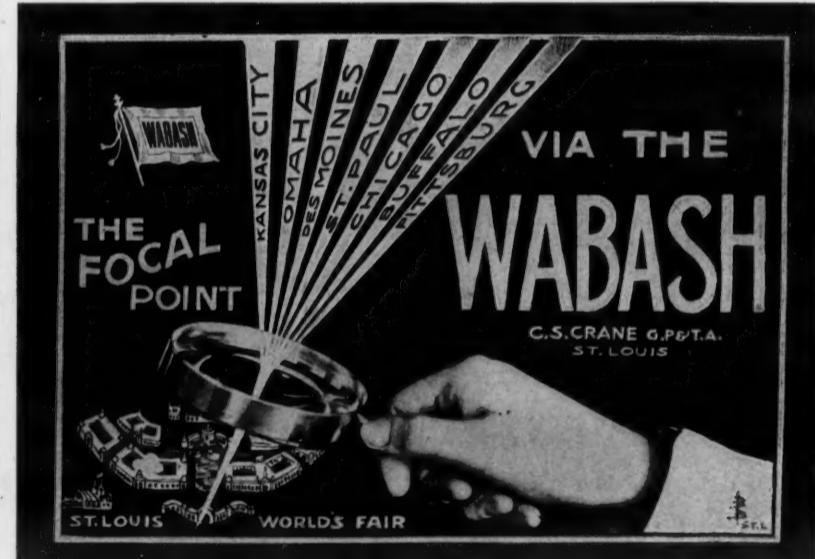
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